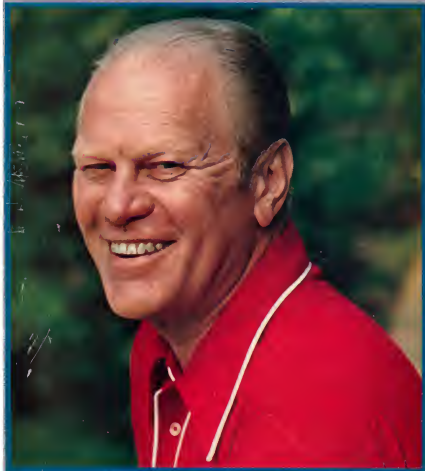


Sports Illustrated

JULY 8, 1974 300 CENTS

MY VIEW OF SPORT

VICE-PRESIDENT GERALD FORD



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But if you do smoke, you may enjoy it so much you don't want to stop.

There's the rub. Because if you do smoke, what do you smoke?

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine; Menthol 11 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '94.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairview Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Shooter, President; Clifford J. Gray, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$14.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$19.00 a year; all others \$18.00 a year.

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Next week

CENTRE COURT is the center of the tennis world as Wimbledon moves toward its climactic matches. Newcombe, Borg, King and Evert do battle; Joe Jurek observes the net result.

YAZ SW, the Red Sox lead their dremen as July arrives, and now come home-and-home fireworks with the Orioles to test the mettle of Carl & Co. Mark Kram reports.

20 YEARS AFTER he ran the first sub-four-minute mile, Dr. Roger Bannister is a respected but controversial figure in the British sporting Establishment. Kenny Moore pays him a call.



When Don Shula keeps the Dolphins on their toes, our Pro-socks are on his feet.

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Which is why Don Shula takes such good care of his feet.

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Socks that have such softly cushioned soles, they almost make his feet feel like cheering.



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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRUICKSHANK

THE SOONER THE BETTER

As is often the case in such matters, there is no clear right or wrong in the labor dispute between National Football League owners and players. Vice President Ford, writing about the wrangling between the two groups (page 16), finds "neither is particularly attractive," and like most of us he has mixed emotions over the positions they have taken, recognizing the right of an individual in a free enterprise system to realize his full worth and at the same time the need of franchises to turn a profit. The Vice President only touches on the issues of player freedom that have become serious points of contention, but he has caught the mood of a public grown weary of prolonged negotiations, and the charges and countercharges that inevitably accompany them. The sooner both NFL sides iron out their differences, the better for all sport.

QUEEN'S RAIN

It was one of those days. Rain had fallen steadily on Woodbine track near Toronto before the 115th running of last Saturday's Queen's Plate, and the running surface looked like a moat around an infield. Because the royal landau, unequipped with pontoons, remained parked under the stands, the royal representative, the Queen Mother, arrived in a limo. She walked across the track to the infield on wide wooden planks, not the customary red carpet. Then things got bad.

During the salute to Queen Mum, one of the Governor-General's horse guards was unseated and deposited face-first in about six inches of slop. He departed in an ambulance. The rains came again when Queen Mum visited the paddock for the saddling. When she opened a borrowed umbrella, it turned inside out. Amber Herod, a 10-to-1 outsider and the eventual winner, became fascinated with the mud as he was led across the track to the paddock. He dropped to his knees and rolled over. Later, in the winner's circle, he acted up and bumped into the

trophy table, very nearly consigning the Queen's Plate Trophy to the slop.

The Queen's Plate is the oldest horse-race in North America and the richest, most famous sporting event in Canada. It has survived world wars, depressions, sterling, Expo '67, the horse and buggy and six monarchs, and it may outlive Saturday.

QUESTION OF VALUES

There will always be a car nut. The other day Alec Ulmann, maestro of the Sebring Twelve Hours during that event's 22-year life-span, cracked up a newly restored 1926 Hispano Suiza while taking it for a spin on Long Island. Informed of the calamity, the Madison Avenue Sports Car, Chowder and Marching Club, through a spokesman, expressed cursory interest in member Ulmann's condition but deep anxiety about the Hiss. For the record, Ulmann suffered a fracture of the collarbone, the car, multiple damages. Both are doing nicely, Ulmann freshly released from New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital, the Hiss in Joe Weider's garage in Elmhurst, Queens, N.Y. Rest easily, you old Hiss.

NIGM NOPES

One problem other than managing that has troubled the San Francisco Giants this season is their ball park, and with it an unwelcome phenomenon, the GRD, or ground rule double. The AstroTurf in Candlestick is so hard and the outfield fence so low (eight feet) that 28 GRDs have bounced out of the playing field in 37 games, negating one of the team's chief assets, speed. Opposition drives that otherwise might have been held to singles have bounced in for GRDs, and doubles by the Giants that might have been stretched into triples have ended up GRDs, too.

National League President Chub Feeney deplores the situation. "The GRD robs the game of two of its most exciting plays," he says, "the triple and

cutting down a base runner from the outfield."

Cincinnati raised its fences after installing synthetic grass, but no such changes can be made in any park during the season except by league vote. Feeney, however, offers hope. "If the Giants ask to raise their fences, I'm sure there'd be an immediate and unanimous approval."

It surely would raise the spirits of new Manager Wes Westrum.

FORE-MON

What had begun peaceably enough as an afternoon of golf ended with one man in the hospital and several in a Vancouver, B.C. assize court trying to explain to a jury just what did happen out there between the 16th tee and the 18th cup on the University Golf Club course.

Nothing much, except that at the 16th a member of one foursome hit a lovely 220-yard drive into the foursome ahead and James Paton, chief instructor for



the local Workmen's Compensation Board, opted for immediate compensation by knocking the ball straight back. A certain edginess crept into the ensuing conversations between the foursomes and during play at the 18th, Club Pro Ron Willey, who was with the second group, advanced to the green to admonish Paton. Exception was taken and there was some shoving and an altercation or two before Paton brought matters to a head with a smart crack to

continued

the pace of James Clapp, a lawyer, laying him low. Paton used a four-iron.

Off went Clapp to intensive care and repairs to his hearing, speech and equilibrium, and then it was on to trial. Claiming the drive almost cooked him and that Clapp had shoved him on the 18th green, Paton pled self-defense. Last week, the jury found for him, and Paton left court without so much as the loss of a stroke, which goes to show, among other things, how important club selection can be in golf. One shudders to think of the consequences had Paton overclubbed. And the offending see shot should have been hit with a four-iron.

INSTANT PAY BACK

Henry Lawrence, son of a migrant farm worker, was able to go to college only because Florida A&M gave him a football scholarship. Last winter the 6'4", 250-pound tackle was the No. 1 draft pick of the Oakland Raiders and last month he graduated with a degree in political science. Hardly exceptional that, except Lawrence did something with part of his Oakland bonus that is rarely done by professional athletes. He donated \$1,000 to the A&M athletic department to help defray someone else's scholarship.

FOLLOW-UP 1

Early foot, as horseplayers know, too often is a sure sign of a late finish. But although they broke fast, Ernie Vandeweghe's youngsters show no signs of slowing up. As you may recall, when we last reported on the ex-New York Knick basketball player (SI, May 26, 1969), he and onetime Miss America Colleen Hutchins Vandeweghe had combined genes to produce some extraordinarily athletic children with the extraordinary names of Kiki, Tauna, Heather and Bruk. A pediatrician, Vandeweghe was determined to raise his Southern California brood according to theories he had developed concerning vitamins, protein, competition and the active life. The theories, happy to say, are holding up.

Tauna, for instance, was nine in 1969. Her specialties were swimming and unicycle riding and she wanted to be a movie star. Now Tauna is 14 and 6'1" (Ernie is 6'3½", Colleen 5'10"), which she says is too tall for a movie star. But she is still swimming (she was the first 14-year-old to break one minute in the 100-yard backstroke) and her coach thinks she will

take a medal at the Montreal Olympics.

Kiki, the older son, was a 5'4", 110-pound-age-group swimmer in 1969. Now he is a 6'5½", 185-pound basketball player who was a sophomore starter for the Pacific Palisades High School varsity last season—and he is still growing. His coach says he is the best 15-year-old he has ever had, but father Ernie wishes Kiki would play more golf. Kiki shoots in the low 80s on the tough L.A. Country Club and Bel Air courses.

Heather, 12, is a tennis player and gymnast who, according to her mother, is "forever standing on her hands and walking around the house." And Bruk, 10, is such a good soccer player that he was forced to play with the 12-year-olds this year.

Some thoroughbreds, racing people can tell you, are able to stay on top wire to wire.

FOLLOW-UP 2

No less a winner is Superfan Terence Kelly, the Toronto lawyer who follows sport everywhere it leads him. When last we heard from him (SCORECARD, Jan. 7), Kelly had just cornered two tickets at bargain rates to the Grey Cup, these on top of scores of tickets to attractive baseball games, soccer matches and cricket at Lord's. So where is Kelly now? In Germany, of course, taking in the World Cup with his 14-year-old son Tim. Not just the Cup match but the whole three-week extravaganza. In a six-day period during the preliminary round the Kellys watched Chile vs. West Germany in Berlin, Uruguay vs. Holland in Hanover, Brazil vs. Scotland in Frankfurt and Italy vs. Argentina in Stuttgart. Son of Superfan picked an all-Europe final—Italy vs. West Germany. Superfan had to go with Yugoslavia as a long shot. Well, you can't win 'em all, even if you see 'em all.

FOLLOW-UP 3

Then there is retired Navy Commander Bernard W. (Bud) Deacon of Honolulu. When we first met him (SI, Feb. 4), he was 62 years old and the holder of 29 world records in track and field, 11 in the 60-69 age group and 18 more in his exact age group. Now he is 63, and at a USTFF meet in Kenosha, Wis. he won the 60-69 decathlon with 4,039 points, another world record. Along the way he set exact age records in each of the 10 events. As a 17-year-old once said to Deacon, who was speeding into the last

turn of a 1,500-meter race, "Go to it, sir!"

GOOD HIT, NO RUN

Concord (N.H.) High won the state Class L baseball championship, but it wasn't easy. The leadoff man in one game singled, and was picked off first. Next man up doubled, but he was out, too. Missed first base, losing the hit. Third man got another double. But he was out trying to stretch it into a triple. No runs, no errors, none left on base—and two hits. Somehow Concord won 7-0.

STOP THAT MAN

Roger Guy English is nothing if not dauntless. On Aug. 1 he will step into the Mississippi River at Fort Dam, outside Minneapolis, and start swimming for New Orleans. He expects to complete the 1,826-mile trip in 63 days, or 111 fewer than it took the record holder, Fred P. Newton of Clinton, Okla., back in 1933.

English, 23 and from La Jolla, Calif., has a background of sick-to-tiredness. He already holds world records in twinning (102 hours, 28 minutes, 37 seconds), kissing (3,600 girls in eight hours) and sleeplessness (288 hours). Kind of makes you tired just thinking of him.

THEY SAID IT

- Ray Scott, Detroit Pistons coach, asked which NBA team was hurt most by the expansion draft to stock the New Orleans franchise. "New Orleans."
- Barry Switzer, Oklahoma football coach, admitting that his ambition is to be the permanent head coach of All-Star teams. "You have a good time, play golf in the morning and a week after the game nobody remembers who won or who coached the loser."
- Joe Robbie, managing general partner of the Miami Dolphins, noting that many of the players who jumped to the NFL listed their responsibilities to wife and children as the reason: "The World Football League has done more than anything else to make family men out of players."
- Carol Mann, president of the LPGA pro-golf board, explaining why she thinks the men's tour has peaked and the women are talking over "Legs."
- Tug McGraw, N.Y. Mets pitcher, when asked whether he favors grass or artificial surfaces: "I don't know. I never smoke AstroTurf." **END**

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And like all great athletes who strive to excel in their class, MGB has faced the test of competition and has emerged victorious. It is the reigning National Champion in SCCA E Production for the third year in a row.

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athlete.

AN ACE CAME OUT OF THE PACK

Pumping through the Sierra for seven days and 475 miles, the second-longest bike race in U.S. history met unbelieving cops and unyielding semis by ROY BLOUNT JR.

This is terrible!" people were crying at the finish line. "Somebody's going to get killed!" The official with the bullhorn went so far as to say, though not through the bullhorn, "I think it's hopeless."

A gaily colored, clench-teethed tangle of sprinting cyclists was expected any minute, and there seemed to be no room for them. The third stage of the seven-day, 475-mile Tahoe Donner Tour of the Sierra, the second-longest bicycle race ever held in the United States, seemed to be on a collision course with the busy afternoon traffic in front of the Nevada State Legislature Building, The Carson Transmission Exchange, La Table Française, the Y Not Bar and The Capital City Mortuary, all right there in the heart of Carson City.

At this moment Announcer Vic Black drove up in his official vehicle to begin advising anybody inclined to listen, "This is the finish of a 108.5-mile bicycle race. These riders have gone up 5,000 feet of elevation, and now they're coming into town at 30 miles an hour!" It turned out someone *had* alerted the police, a patrol car showed up to block traffic just in time, and here came the pack—otherwise known as the *peloton*, or bunch—with a whirring, clicking, cloud-of-locusts sound, and it looked as though the Tour of the Sierra might survive one more day without an outright cataclysm.

But then the smartly dressed lady carrying the big straw hat appeared out of

nowhere. Intent on whatever mission brought her to the State Legislature Building, she walked straight in front of the oncoming pack.

The foremost riders braked slightly, and a cycling enthusiast who had anticipated that something unlikely probably would happen jumped out and dragged lady and hat out of the way just as Mike Neel, with his jut-jawed, near-snarling all-out expression, sped past on his 21-pound \$800 bike with the titanium spindle and cluster (the five gears on the back wheel). Neel, who by Sunday would be overall Tour champion, was first in that day's finish, followed closely by the only vaguely daunted *peloton*.

The lady was unapologetic. "The government's falling apart," she said, "and here are all these damn bicycles." Whatever it was, her point was not well taken. There may well be a crisis of American values at this point in history, but those bicycles traversing almost 500 variously breathtaking miles of Nevada and California proved that wild, woolly and unbought intrepidity is not dead across the land.

In Europe and Mexico road racing is a lot more orderly. The Tour de France, which is now in progress, is one of the world's biggest sports events by any measure. For it, the roads are closed to all traffic and the crowds of spectators along the route cheer both lustily and with great respect. That must be pretty boring, compared to the Tour of the Sierra.

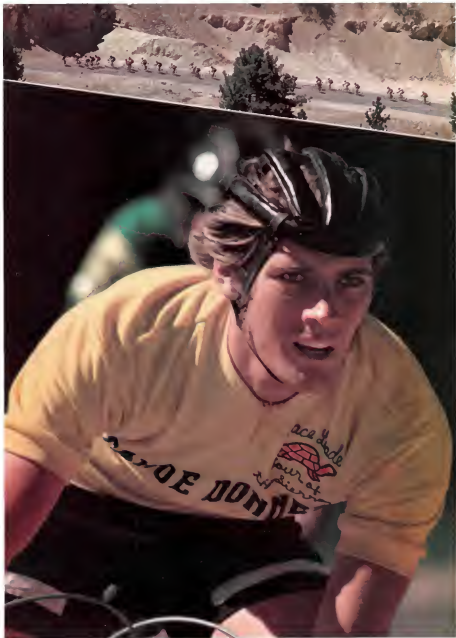
Eighty riders, including longhairs, shorthairs, a geophysicist and a man who "strips parking lots" for a living, began the Tour. Sixty-five finished all eight of the stages (a team time trial, five road races, a criterium—which is a race over a short, closed course—and an individual time trial) held during the seven days. Dan Nall of Santa Cruz, Calif., was knocked down by a truck. Jack Janelle of Littleton, Colo. tried to hold position on the inside of two big cattle trucks and was forced off a 30-ft. embankment. Nick Farac of San Francisco, at 41 the second oldest man in the race, was awarded a "Mystery Prize" prize of a free session at Nevada's legal Moonlight Ranch sporting house. All three men finished the Tour going strong.

Bicycle racers are not among this nation's most pampered athletes. The Tour participants paid their own travel expenses and even room and board at places like the sponsoring resort lodge, Tahoe Donner, in Truckee, Calif. Most of them said they got started in the sport by riding around the countryside on their 10-speeds and encountering racers by chance. European riders are trained by long-standing, highly structured organizations. American cyclists tend to be individualists, unschooled in team tactics and not always ready for the challenges

continued

His yellow shirt signifying he won the Tour's previous leg, leader Neel negotiates a turn.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG





OUT OF THE PACK *continued*

they take on. From 1920 to 1974 only one racer was killed in this country, but so far this year three have died after their lightly helmeted heads hit the asphalt. The statistic is partly a reflection of the sport's growth. In 1962 60 competitive riders were registered in Northern California; today there are more than 1,000.

In no other sport do athletes go hard for five solid hours, as they did in the longer stages through the Sierra, and then race again and again every day for a week. The ordeal is relieved somewhat by the fact that the riders tend to travel in packs, whose members take turns pulling the pace, or breaking the wind, as the others ride behind in the slipstream, "sucking wheels." In footraces the strongest runner tends to win. The bicycle, many riders point out, is a great equalizer, allowing canny wheel suckers to take advantage of others' misfit.

But staying with the leaders requires great conditioning and intensity, and to win you must keep looking for a chance to pull away and leave the *peloton* behind. In Europe a race may boil down to an echelon of Poles, or Dutchmen, or Swedes, or Czechs (these nationalities tend to be the strongest riders physically) leading a long line of subtly jockeying trailers for miles and miles. The Sierra packs were far more loosely organized; cries of "What are you doing, you idiot?" could be heard among teammates.

The bikes in the Sierra Tour may have been finely tuned, but the race was not. The 105-mile second stage was barely under way when the California Highway Patrol intervened. Several cars and a trailer truck were backed up behind the 80 cyclists and the attendant four motor vehicles when a patrol car went screeching around the whole procession on a blind corner, cutting so abruptly in front

of the leading riders as almost to ram into them. A patrolman jumped out and began warning all the cyclists over to the far right-hand edge of the highway. When this produced even more confusion, he began to run alongside the press bus, demanding to speak to the person in charge, stopping only after someone inside told him he was talking to the wrong bus.

In Sierraville, Officer Dean Rupp of the highway patrol hove into view. Officer Rupp was beefy, butt-headed and proprietary toward his stretch of the road. The riders sat there for 45 minutes while Officer Rupp underlined in green ink for the benefit of the race organizers, Section 21202 of the State Vehicle Code: "Every person operating a bicycle upon a roadway shall ride as near to the right-hand curb or edge of the roadway as is practicable." These bicycle operators were clearly filling up one whole side of the road. They were racing, explained the Tour organizers. "What the heck kind of race is this," Officer Rupp wanted to know, "where everybody rides in one big pack? I've never seen a race like this before." He had once peeled two motorcyclists off the front of a sem, he said, and he didn't want to have to do the same for 80 bicyclists.

At length Officer Rupp was won over—the next time the race went through Sierraville he merely called out "Hello, peoples."

During its seven days the Tour went on, through, past, down or alongside:

Genoa, which is Nevada's oldest settlement and in whose graveyard rests legendary 19th century mailman Snowshoe Thompson, who once delivered a parcel-post cast-iron stove over the mountains in deep snow.

Lake Tahoe, which is almost unnaturally blue ("And if you go 30 feet down," boasted an area resident "you can drink the water").

California Highway 49, so numbered because it carried the gold traffic during the rush of 1849.

Mesquite bushes, sagebrush, ponderosa pines, the Ponderosa Plumbing Company, Coggins Auto Hospital, Chilcoot Grocery, Lula's Beauty, Joy Real Estate, "Our Unique Tax Shelter Financing Tyrolean Village," the Cold Springs Valley Volunteer Fire Department, a "Christ Jesus Died to Save Sinners" sign and the Merry Winks Motel.

And as the Tour went on, through, past, down or alongside the above, it became evident that cyclists' legs are unlike any others. They taper almost comically from outsized thighs through distinctively rounded calves to relatively narrow ankles. Mostly they are shaved, because cyclists are always falling and hairy legs make for troublesome scabs. The legs pumped steadily (at one point Neel was pedaling uphill at 80 revolutions a minute) past scabbily crusty rock and dun-colored dirt with streaks of salmon pink and vermillion, toward blue and snow-peaked mountains.

In the race-within-a-stage up Monitor Pass in California the first four finishers were 1) Neel, 2) 18-year-old George Mount of Lafayette, Calif., 3) John Timbers, 29, of Tucson and 4), appearing precipitantly around a bend, a huge yellow truck pulling a flatbed trailer carrying heavy equipment which almost rode the first three down. "Slow down!" race followers yelled to the truck, and "Where'd that come from?" to each other. At the top of a mountain in another



They went thisway: by the shore of Lake Tahoe; grinding up a slope; leading on the fly, uh, oh, in the heart of downtown Virginia City.



stage, an elderly tourist, having gathered that a race was impending, approached an official and asked, "What direction are they coming from?"

"You pick the fourth, fifth and sixth men up to the top," the official told him. The tourist nodded a little dazedly at the non sequitur and began looking cautiously first in one direction and then in the other.

Catch as catch can, the race negotiated the streets of Reno, home of Liberal Slots and \$25,000 Keno, and the one street of Truckee, which used to be a town that everyone only passed through. Now, with several ski and summer resorts nearby, Truckee features not only a store that sells liquor, magazines and night crawlers but also such new-wave establishments as a restaurant called Grey's Toll Station whose menu claims that Truckee was named for a Paiute Indian who "found immortality practicing culinary skills learned at Grey's as chef for the Donner Party."

In Gardnerville, Nev., an old man was rocking on a front porch next to the American School of Diamond Cutting and across the street from Shelley's Beauty Salon. He had been sitting there for 20 years, his expression clearly said, and this was the first time 71 bicycle riders in chamomise-seated shorts had ever gone past. But he didn't say anything. In European towns had eagerly for the lucrative honor of being on the route of a major bike race, but the communities along the Tour of the Sierra did not seem to know

exactly what they were on the route of. In Gardnerville a cross-eyed boy in a tank shirt did sing out, "All right!" as the peloton flashed by, and on the outskirts of Reno a barefooted girl did say, "I guess it's kind of neat to have a bicycle race finish in front of your house."

Belgium's Eddy Merckx, Europe's premier professional rider, makes \$625,000 a year, and all you need to do to sell unlimited bottles of So-and-So over there is put up a billboard saying "Claudine Drinks So-and-So," since everyone knows that Claudine is Eddy's wife. Rewards for U.S. riders include staying in shape, satisfying competitive urges and eating large amounts of food after a race. John Coplin of El Cajon, Calif., a vegetarian, consumed, after one stage of the tour, two quarts of Seven-Up, four fig bars, a bean taco, a lemonade, and a dinner of corn, peas, mashed potatoes, salad, wheat bread with lots of jelly and honey on it, a glass of milk, a mixture of Seven-Up and Coke, a cup of hot chocolate and two helpings of pudding. Coplin, it must be added, claims he buys lumps of titanium and makes his own bicycle parts out of them.

The melting pot and improvisation. America. Maybourn cyclists ought to appreciate the flavor of racing here and not aspire to such grimly refined big-money competition as prevails abroad.

A good man to put this to is one of the most prominent of U.S. riders, Rich (Captain America) Hammen, a 29-year-old theoretical chemist of some distinction who has gone on unemployment to devote himself full time to bike rac-

ing. Hammen was unable to compete in the Tour of the Sierra because he had a cold, but he rode most of the course anyway in his red, white and blue togs. He and his wife Hoppy drive from race to race in their van, which holds their bikes and Stars and Stripes-pattern bedding.

No, says Hammen, when an American beats others as decisively as Neel was doing in this race (the field did not include four other top U.S. cyclists who were either tired from or still off on bike-racing excursions in Europe), he has got to seek out the best racers in the world and be as good as he can against them. In this country, Hammen adds, bike racers get no support. "People think of us as Communists with shaved legs."

Neel is from Berkeley, Calif., but works for the Turin Bicycle Co-op in Chicago now, so at 22 he is, in effect, a semi-pro. For finishing the Sierra Tour on top in every scoring department, he received a number of tires and pumps and jerseys from various donors and several kisses from Emily Dekker, who was appointed queen of the race no doubt because she was the Tahoe Donner employee who looked just like the girl next door if you're extremely lucky. As it happened, she knew Neel in high school. Neel accepted the kisses, tires, pumps and the like, but what he really wants, he says, is for some foreign professional team to sign him and take him off to heights like the Alps. Where you don't have to brake for ladies and hats.

END



STORMY DEBUT FOR THE CUP

Out they sailed from Newport for the first America's Cup trials, two aluminum 12-meters representing the latest, loftiest and costliest thinking in U.S. marine design. And there on the briny they met a sea monster, a salty old witch of a boat, name of *Intrepid*, still riding a wooden broomstick as in her conquering cup visitations of 1967 and 1970. Well, the new kids were shook. *Courageous* (left), virginally white and billed as belle of the year, could only break even in four races with *Intrepid*, and *Mariner*, red as her designer's blush, was so slow they sent her back to the boatbuilder's tin-snaps for surgery on her radical derriere—an unprecedented attempt to salvage what had come to look like a \$1 million misunderstanding. Next round: mid-July. Forecast: long summer, and hot.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRE SCHWARTZ

WARNING: DANGEROUS SLURVES AHEAD

That is the pitch from Atlanta as league-leading Buzz Capra and his fellow lay analysts do their best to cure a case of acrophobia by RAY KENNEDY

Reflecting on the volatile moods of the Atlanta Braves, a subject that has confounded more than a few wise baseball heads of late, Relief Pitcher Danny Frisella feels that after one full season with the team he has an explanation. "Remember," he says, invoking a credo passed on by some dugout sage, "half this game is 90% thinking."

That seemed to sum up the jumbled state of mind of a club that finished fifth in the National League's West Division last year by hitting better and pitching worse than any of its competitors. This season, after the big emotional blastoff of Henry Aaron's 715th home run, the Braves reverted to the old schizophrenic

ways that Atlantans have come to know and reject. Playing before as few as 3,029 lonely souls, Manager Eddie Mathews' impressionable charges spent the first 5½ weeks of the season so near the bottom of their top-heavy division that they were on the verge of predictability.

But wait. As any of the budding pop psychoanalysts on the Atlanta roster would readily attest, you can't keep a good manic-depressive team down. Beginning in mid-May, the Braves took off on a monumental high, winning 25 of 33 games to overtake the Cincinnati Reds and close to within five games of the front-running Los Angeles Dodgers. And they did it—surprise!—largely on the strength of their pitching.

Unaccustomed to such giddy heights, the Braves could be forgiven if they suffered a case of acrophobia last week, especially considering that they closed out June with nine games against the Reds and three against the Dodgers in just 10 days. Though the Braves lost eight of the 12, there was still exhilaration and a suggestion that this was a different Atlanta team in the fact that nine of the contests were decided by one run. For a club that once considered an 11-9 game something of a pitchers' duel, that was no small achievement. Says flame-haired Carl Morton, the muscular righthander who started off the 12-game stretch by blanking the Reds 1-0, "We're playing Dodger baseball now. We get two or three runs a game, play good defense and get good pitching. It's exciting baseball—if the heart holds out."

The mind, however, remains the critical factor. Four of the Braves' starters—Morton (10-6), veteran knuckleballer Phil Niekro (8-6), towering Ron Reed (5-4) and Roric Harrison (6-8)—are hold-

overs with a new outlook. Notably, they are cheered by the fact that nearly 50% fewer home runs are being hit in Atlanta Stadium these days because the fence in the left-center power alley has been moved back 10 feet.

But when it comes to positive thinking, the real difference in the Braves mound staff is an unlikely pair of freshly developed talents named Lee William (Buzz) Capra and Thomas Ross (Puma) House. Though they are frequently mistaken for bat boys, they take command on the field with a kind of Napoleonic air that is as effective as it is necessary. At 5' 10" and 168 pounds Capra is just a shade smaller than House. Throughout their careers both have suffered because they do not fit the image of the modern major league pitcher: a tall, robust fireballer. The Braves have come to think differently, even though they like to refer to the two as "our pair of pygmies."

Capra, 26, is a fidgety craftsman who mixes off-speed breaking pitches with a sneaky fastball. A righthander, he dips so low off the mound that he seems to deliver the ball from the vicinity of his kneecaps. "He can't throw high," says Aaron, "because he's so low to the ground to begin with."

Capra endures the ribbing good-naturedly, though he is convinced that he did not make his mark in the majors sooner because "they held my size against me. What people don't realize is that because you're small you work twice as hard and sometimes succeed twice as well as the big guys." As a Chicago schoolboy Capra went bare-chested to his freezing cold garage each winter morning to hang for several minutes from an iron bar. His father had a theory it would make him grow taller.



Carl Morton says the team has to have heart.

Capra, a Melchior, has popped a 1.22 ERA.





Fellow starter Ron Reed has it—and height.

When Capra, an art major, left Illinois State in 1969 he was not highly touted—by a long stretch. Not only was he the 625th choice in the player draft, he was brought up to the majors by the New York Mets, a team that tended to measure its recruits by the strapping standards of its ace starters, Tom Seaver and Jerry Koosman. Though Capra was mostly a starter in the minors, where he compiled a 42-17 record, he says the Mets put him “in the bullpen because they didn’t think I was strong enough to go nine innings.” In last year’s playoffs with the Reds, his sole contribution was to warm up twice. “In the World Series,” he says, “I did even better. I got to warm up five times.”

House, 27, an amiable, bespectacled fellow, is a left-handed relief pitcher. On the mound he stirs memories of little Ed-
die Lopat, with his compact delivery and pinpoint control. Though his strikeout pitches are a wicked screwball and a “slurve,” a cross between a curve and a slider, lately he has been taking more chances with his fastball which, says Braves Catcher Johnny Oates, “on a scale of five is a three.”

On the “hyper” scale, House is off the charts. “I can’t help it,” he says. “I’m just a very excitable person. When I get into a game my voice goes up four octaves. Between innings I used to jump around and yell in the dugout. But this season I’ve learned to control myself a little bit.” Measurably so, says Frisella. “When the phone rang in the bullpen last season,” he says, “Tommy would jump a foot and a half. Now he only goes up six inches.”

House received the same cool treatment as Capra on his way up. Appalled at the shabbiness of the minor leagues,

he went back to USC last year to get his master’s in marketing, partly so he could write a thesis foretelling “the demise of the farm system as we know it.”

After years of anonymity, both Capra and House quite literally, if briefly, leaped into prominence. Buzz, so-called because of the frantic way he swung a bat as a child, was one of the most spirited combatants in last year’s playoff brawl between the Reds and Mets, trading punches “to show that a little guy can take care of himself.” Nicknamed Puma because of the catlike way he pounces on grounds balls, House is the fellow who caught Aaron’s 715th home run ball and then sprinted it in to Henry at home plate. “Ever since I caught that ball,” he says, hinting at things magical, “everything has been going good for me.”

Before the season opened neither House nor Capra was very confident about his future. House, in fact, went job hunting during the winter as a hedge against being cut from the team. And Capra says that “no matter how they counted it, I was the 11th man on the Mets’ 10-man staff.” He did not know how fortunate that position was until

Braves General Manager Eddie Robinson bought him for \$35,000 during spring training and told him, “You’re going to see some action in Atlanta, son.”

Going into the Braves’ big mid-May winning streak, Capra was 0-2 and a reliever and House had pitched only 17 innings, those without undue distinction. But as the momentum gathered, the diminutive pair became the Braves’ one-two punch. By last weekend, Capra had won nine straight games, including four shutouts, and had a 1.32 earned run average, the lowest among National League starters. House was 1-1 with six saves and an almost equally impressive 1.76 ERA.

No one is prouder of their performances than Herm Starrette, the Braves’ new pitching coach. House, who reveres Starrette as a father figure, says, “Herm keeps telling me to think great thoughts, and it’s a thrilling feeling.”

Though the Braves are not yet ready to start thinking pennant, Capra does have one great notion in mind for Met Manager Yogi Berra, the man who ignored him all those long months. “What I’d like to do,” he says, “is make Yogi pick me for the All-Star team.” **END**

Tom House gets a kick from his slider-curve, or “slurve,” and a confusing lift from No. 775.





IN DEFENSE OF THE COMPETITIVE URGE

by GERALD R. FORD

with JOHN UNDERWOOD

The Vice-President reflects fondly on his "halcyon days" as a Michigan football star and Yale coach, and ponders the current state of sport, arguing that winning is a necessary goal; that international athletic victories serve nations well; and that the preoccupation with money may end up alienating the fan

One lesson to be learned in reaching an age where you are both a viable politician and a washed-up line-man is that past glories are not negotiable in the open market. When you stop winning they not only start booing, they start forgetting.

I used to think of myself as a pretty dashing figure on the ski slopes of the East and in northern Michigan, and could at least count on outstripping my children on the various runs we tried. Nowadays, when the family gets together at Vail for our annual Christmas ski reunion, my sons and my daughter go zooming by, usually with just the encouragement to make me boil. Such as: "Hurry up, Dad." They see themselves getting faster and faster as I get slower and slower. They forget all the times I picked them out of the snowbank.

When I was House Minority Leader and a regular adversary of Lyndon Johnson's, he once said—with minimum affection—"There's nothing wrong with Jerry Ford except that he played football too long without his helmet." Lyndon got a lot of mileage out of that quote, and I used it myself one year when I addressed the Gridiron Club in Washington. I said he was wrong, that I always wore my helmet on any gridiron, and I picked up my old leather bonnet and put it on, right on top of my white tie and tails. It had been a while, though. I had a hard time getting it down over my ears. Of course, heads do have a tendency to swell here in Washington.

My playing days at Michigan are now a standard introduction in magazine stories such as this, usually accompanied by a picture (page 19) of a rugged-looking hairy young man (me) hunched over a ball in the center's position, and the notation that Ford was "the most valuable player on a losing Michigan team." I always feel damned with faint praise when I read that. I'd much rather have been the "least valuable player on a winning Michigan team," the kind we had my sophomore and junior years when we were undefeated and won national championships.

Those were what sportswriters up on their clichés would call my "halcyon days." Certainly they offer brighter memories than my efforts to stay competitive—and fit—since. Today I am a habitual exerciser—a 15-minute swim twice a day in the backyard pool, slower-and-slower skiing near our place in Vail, and an occasional round of golf with fellow hackers around Washington.

The reason I make reference to those winning seasons at Michigan is that we have been asked to swallow a lot of

home-cooked psychology in recent years that winning isn't all that important anymore, whether on the athletic field or in any other field, national and international. I don't buy that for a minute. It is not enough to just compete. Winning is very important. Maybe more important than ever.

Don't misunderstand. I am not low-rating the value of informal participation. Competing is always preferable to not competing, whether you win or not, and one reason is as good as another for getting involved. Swimming laps, for example, is preferable to doubling your waistline. As a young man I took up skiing in order to get to know a certain young lady better. She happened to be a devotee, and I an eager beginner. I lost the girl but I learned to ski. The subject used to be a sensitive one with my wife, who came along afterward, but I have reminded her that that was instructive athletics, not competitive athletics. The important thing was I learned to ski.

If you don't win elections you don't play, so the importance of winning is more drastic in that field. In athletics and in most other worthwhile pursuits first place is the manifestation of the desire to excel, and how else can you achieve anything? I certainly do not feel we achieved very much as a Michigan football team in 1934. And I can assure you we had more fun on those championship teams in 1932-33.

Broadly speaking, outside of a national character and an educated society, there are few things more important to a country's growth and well-being than competitive athletics. If it is a cliché to say athletics build character as well as muscle, then I subscribe to the cliché. It has been said, too, that we are losing our competitive spirit in this country, the thing that made us great, the guts of the free-enterprise system. I don't agree with that; the competitive urge is deep-rooted in the American character. I do wonder sometimes if we are adjusting to the times, or if we have been spoiled by them.

For one, do we realize how important it is to compete successfully with other nations? Not just the Russians, but many nations that are growing and challenging. Being a leader, the U.S. has an obligation to set high standards. I don't know of a better advertisement for a nation's good health than a healthy athletic representation. Athletics happens to be an extraordinarily swift avenue of communication. The broader the achievement the greater the impact. There is much to be said for Ping-Pong diplomacy.

With communications what they are, a sports triumph can be as uplifting to a nation's spirit as, well, a battlefield victory. And surely no one will argue that it is not more

continued

healthful. The Africans were terrific in the last two Olympics, and their stars have become national heroes. These countries were tasting the first fruits of international achievement, and their pride was justified. In a wink of the eye they caught us in some areas, passed us in others.

When I was in China a few years ago I was astounded by the number of basketball courts. They were everywhere—in school yards, outside factories and farms. Boys and girls were playing basketball at age three and four, with miniature balls and undersized baskets. The sizes and heights were graded to coincide with the age group, something we might consider here, even up to the professional level. The agricultural and factory communes were alive with competition, in conjunction with their mandatory calisthenics.

In 1972, when I received the college Football Hall of Fame award at the Waldorf in New York, I remarked on this new Chinese passion for the old American game, and I said that one day soon we would have to cope with a seven-foot Chinese Wilt Chamberlain. Sure enough, last year the Chinese had a touring team that featured some real giants, and they did all right. In five years they will be competitive. Of course, the Chinese do things we would never find acceptable in a free society. Completely regimented, state-supported, state-manipulated athletic programs are not for us. It is a matter of style as well as philosophy. But if we want to remain competitive, and I think we do, we owe it to ourselves to reassess our priorities, to broaden our base of achievement so that we again present our best in the world's arenas. From a purely political viewpoint, I don't know of anything more beneficial in diplomacy and prestige. I don't think we really want to be booed or forgotten.

For that reason I am in favor of doing all we can, as quickly as we can, to resolve the jurisdictional differences which hurt our Olympic effort, which hinder at the grass-roots level the development of athletes. It is a disgrace in this country for anyone not to realize his or her potential in any sport. The petty conflict between the NCAA and the AAU is, as Mike Harrigan of the President's Council on Physical Fitness outlined recently, just the most visible symptom of an overall organizational problem.

I leave the details to Congressman Bob Mathias, the former decathlon champion, and those more acquainted with the specific difficulties, but certain things proposed in the recent flurry of congressional activity have my support. No one will deny that the United States Olympic Committee, a federally chartered organization and therefore a legitimate area of federal concern, needs to be restructured. The Administration has under advisement a plan—Mr. Harrigan's—to accomplish this with minimal federal involvement and control, and therefore at minimal cost to the taxpayer. This would include the creation of a President's Commission on Olympic Sports, composed of prominent interested Americans who are not partisan to either of the conflicting organizations. Two members of the Senate and two of the House would serve on the commission and it would have a fixed life of 15 months—eight to examine the USOC and report, and seven to make proposals and iron out the problems in time for the 1976 Olympics, and beyond.

The Amateur Athletic Act of 1974, sponsored by Sen-

ator Jim Pearson, is anathema to most governing athletic bodies because it implies too much federal control, including the formation of a permanent sanctioning federal amateur sports body. Congressman Mathias' amendment to the federal Olympic charter would remove some of the onus by providing that the American Arbitration Association act as a binding arbiter in settling disputes. But regardless of how it is achieved, something should be achieved—and soon—to improve the systems for developing our athletes.

Even if there were no other nations to impress, even if there were no international events to prepare for, the value of competitive athletics in this country would still be boundless. Consider what an athletic field does for a depressed neighborhood, or a successful sports program for a college—the spirit it breeds on campus and the moneys it generates to provide a broader intramural base. The whole school benefits. I don't know anything that gave a greater boost to Michigan than our football teams in 1932 and 1933 (but not necessarily 1934).

A winning pro football team like the Dolphins can galvanize an entire metropolitan area. Washington rallied around the Redskins. I found myself identifying with their success. George Allen's principles are consistent with mine (his dedication to hard work, his personal habits), and the Redskins were extraordinarily unified. The man holding an end-zone season ticket—or, if he is like me, the three-game-a-Sunday armchair quarterback watching at home while trying to get some work done (at about 50% capacity)—not only identifies, he feels a part of the effort.

I am beginning to wonder, however, if that vital relationship might not have taken a turn for the worse in recent months. Or been given a shove in the wrong direction. I refer to what seems to be a growing appetite—an apparently insatiable one—for money in sports, a preoccupation with "how much" instead of "how good," with cost instead of value. If I read my sports pages correctly, and I read them every day, the age of benevolent ownership is over. The emerging super figures of the '70s are the dollar-oriented athlete and the profit-oriented owner, usually in conflict. Neither side trusts the other. And neither is particularly attractive. The sports news is glutted with salary disputes and threats of strike, of demands and contractual haggles, of players jumping from one league to another, or owners threatening to pull their franchises out of this or that city unless demands are met or profits improve.

I have mixed emotions about much of this. On the one hand I would not deny an athlete his opportunity for maximum compensation. A professional athletic career is short-lived at best, and in the free enterprise system a man should be able to realize his worth. By the same token, management can handle just so much. Professional sport has a history of failing ownerships, of bankrupt franchises. The balance is often delicate and Congress has, in the past, been very sympathetic with its anti-trust legislation.

I take neither side. But I do pose a few questions on behalf of the man in the middle: the fan. I'm one myself, and what scares me is that the fan may ultimately be abused, if he has not been already. The money has to come from somewhere. Traditionally, the somewhere is the fan's pocket-

book—and in the electronic age in which we live, the advertiser's. At what point will the fan become disillusioned? When he comes to the conclusion that the team he is supporting has no reciprocal interest in his affection, I think there will be a withdrawal of support. It might not come today, or this season, but it will surely come.

It will be interesting to see how the fans react to the players who are now jumping to the new World Football League. It will be interesting to see how the Miami fans react this season to Csonka, Kilick and Warfield, who are committed to the Memphis franchise in 1975. I personally wish them well, because they are fine athletes who are fun to watch. From the rival Redskins' point of view, goodbye will no doubt be good riddance.

I wonder, too, what the preoccupation with money is doing to the athletes themselves. When a pitcher throws a no-hitter and is quoted that from the fifth inning on he was thinking about the bonus he would get, how does this affect the young athlete reading the story? When a college basketball senior drafted by the NBA in the first round talks about being worth "at least three million," what clicks in the mind of the freshman on that team?

There must be some serious clicking going on because I am told that the colleges are experiencing the worst run of recruiting violations since World War II. Whether or not the super-paid athlete begets the super-paid-under-the-table athlete I would not venture to say, but I was shocked when I heard that. I was under the impression the colleges were in a saner period, were better controlled, with safeguards at both conference and national levels.

When honesty and integrity suffer nationally, they no doubt suffer in athletics. And vice versa. It would be difficult to measure what effect scandalous behavior in sport has on the nation as a whole, but I do not doubt there is one. The last thing we need is to be cynical about it.

I don't think the fan is unaware. In their rush to get his money promoters have often tried to sell him labels rather than contents, figures rather than pedigrees, and as often as not he turns up his nose. It will be interesting to see how the World Football League fares in that respect. It will not be the NFL's equal for some time, but it is going to ask the fan to consider it major league. If it is major league, the fan will recognize it as such and support it.

I have my doubts about the advisability of the WFL telecasting games on week nights, in effect invading the time and territory of the high schools. We already have legislation preventing Friday night NFL telecasts. I don't know if the Congress will sit still for Thursday night telecasts that might cut the revenue of high school sports.

I have to admit to a certain empathetic thrill in reading about all the money being tossed around today in sports. It takes me back to the time I was offered a big-money deal to play for the Green Bay Packers: \$200 a game, with a 14-game schedule and a 10-day contract cancellation provision.

There was a lot happening to me then to turn my head. In 1931, when I was being recruited out of South High in Grand Rapids, Harry Kipke himself, the famous Michigan coach, brought me to Ann Arbor for a visit. I had made two All-State teams—one of which I captained—and must have been worth rushing because Michigan State, Northwestern and Harvard also expressed interest, and in those days recruiting wasn't as widespread as it is today.

The Kipkes took me to their home for the weekend, and to several sports events, and then to the bus on Sunday night. I had to be impressed by the personal attention.

So the hotshot center from Grand Rapids came to live at Michigan, in a third-floor 10-by-10 room way in the back of the cheapest rooming house I could find. I shared the rent (\$4 a week) with a basketball player from my hometown. We each had a desk and a bed, which pretty much exhausted the floor space, and there was one small window between us.

The Big Ten did not give athletic scholarships then. My tuition was paid by a scholarship from South High, and Coach Kipke got me a job waiting on tables in the interns' dining room at University Hospital and cleaning up in the nurses' cafeteria. My aunt and uncle sent me \$2 a week for Depression-day extravagances. My father's paint factory was going through a depression of its own, and since there were three other Fords to raise he couldn't send anything.

When I pledged Delta Kappa Epsilon my sophomore year, I moved into the fraternity

continued

ILLUSTRATION BY JEROME PALLAS



house and got a job washing dishes. There were four of us at the sink, including Herman Everhardus, an outstanding Michigan football player. As dishwashers I would say we showed good early foot but uncertain technique. I doubt we would pass today's sanitation codes.

I know I am guilty of leaning heavily on football jargon in speeches and off-the-cuff remarks, but for two reasons I think this is understandable. First, there is obviously a deep American involvement in and a great social significance to the game. No game is like football in that respect. It has so many special qualities, among them the combination of teamwork involving a large number of people, with precise strategies and coordination that are essential if anyone is going to benefit. The athletes are highly skilled, but subservient to the team. Yet if they do their job, they give an individual an opportunity for stardom. I know of no other sport that demands so much, and returns so much.

The experience of playing the game can be applied to the rest of your life, and drawn from freely. I know it is easy to find similarities in politics. How you can't make it in either field without teamwork and great leadership. How you attract grandstand quarterbacks by the droves. In football you hear them during and after the game. In politics we hear them 30 seconds after our last speech. Or during it. Most grandstand quarterbacks have never played either game, yet are the loudest and most knowledgeable critics. The thick skin developed in football pays off.

The second reason is that I truly enjoyed my football experience, and just don't want to forget it. Under Harry Kipke, Michigan used the short-punt formation, which was popular then, and as the center I fancied myself the second-best passer in the lineup. If I'm dating you, the center in the short punt or single wing is not just a guy who sticks the ball in the quarterback's hands. Every center snap must truly be a pass (between the legs), often leading the tailback who is in motion and in full stride when he takes the ball. I don't mean to be critical, but I think that is why you now see so many bad passes from center on punts and field goals. They don't have to do it enough. I must have centered the ball 500,000 times in high school and college.

Football was probably more enjoyable for us then because the pressures were not as great as they seem to be now. What made it less enjoyable was that we labored under limited-substitution rules, which reads out as total exhaustion after every game. In a close one no more than 15 or 16 men would play. If you left the game at any point during either half you couldn't go back during that half. The rule was modified my senior year to allow you to return to play in the next period. It didn't help much.

I averaged about a fourth of a game my first two years. Kipke had superb teams, so a lot of guys played. I got the "best prospect" award after the 1932 season, but the next fall I hurt a knee and was out of the running early. Chuck Bernard not only kept the job at center but made All-American.

My senior year, when I played regularly and was voted Most Valuable, the team, as I've mentioned, was not as good, and we didn't run up any scores. We were too busy trying to keep them from being run up on us. The starters

were usually the finishers. We held Minnesota, the Big Ten champion that year with such stars as Pug Lund, Phil Bengtson and Bud Wilkinson, scoreless in the first half, and missed two good scoring opportunities ourselves. Then we ran down and were overwhelmed 34-0. (Having been worn out once too often, I would say that today's unlimited substitution is better. More people get to play, and the game is less a test of stamina and more of skill.)

But though we weren't very good, we weren't very exciting, either. Kipke's style was written up in *The Saturday Evening Post* under the headline "A Punt, A Pass and A Prayer." As far as I know that was the origin of the phrase, and it bespoke the Michigan system: Play tough defense. Punt when in doubt. Force the other guy into mistakes. Then score on a pass. And pray for deliverance. We always kicked off. We always punted on third down inside our own 25, unless we had about a yard to go. We played tough defense—a straight 6-2-2-1, with none of the sliding and stunting you see today. We ran the short punt to death. We were dull.

That last year we had an excellent passer named Bill Renner, who broke his leg before the season started. Our punter was the best I ever saw in pro or college, John Reggazi, and he got hurt in the third game. If your system depends on a punt, a pass and a prayer, and all you have left is a prayer—well, that might put you in good hands, but you better not count on any favors. We lost seven out of eight.

Despite our humble record I was invited to play in the East-West Shrine Game in San Francisco on Jan. 1, 1935, primarily on the recommendation of Dick Hanley, the Northwestern coach. I had had a pretty good day against his star guard, Rip Whalen. According to Hanley, when he asked Whalen why Michigan made so much ground up the middle that day, Whalen said, "Ford was the best blocking center I ever played against." I still cherish that remark.

The Shrine signed two centers for the East, a boy from Colgate named George Akerstrom, and me. On the train ride from Chicago to California, Carly Lambeau, the coach of the Packers, went from player to player, plying the good ones about their pro football interest. He ignored me. Then in the first two minutes of the game Akerstrom got hurt. I played the rest of the way—58 minutes, offense and defense. After the game a group of us were given the option of a train ride home or a free trip to Los Angeles to see the movie studios. Being a conservative Midwesterner unacquainted with glamour, I naturally chose Hollywood.

On the train from San Francisco to Los Angeles, Carly Lambeau sat with me the whole way. He suddenly knew my name. And he asked me to sign with the Packers. I told him I'd think about it.

That August I played in the All-Star game in Chicago, the second in which the college stars played a pro team. We had Don Hutson and a number of outstanding players, but the Bears beat us 5-0. Shortly after that I got Carly's offer in writing: \$200 a game for the 14 games. Patsy Clark of the Lions matched the bid.

But pro football did not have the allure it has now, and though my interest was piqued I didn't lose any sleep over my decision. When Ducky Pond, the Yale coach, came to

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Ann Arbor at Kipke's bidding to ask me to be on his staff at New Haven, I saw the chance to realize two dreams at once—to stay in football and to pursue a long-nurtured aspiration for law school. Pond's offer was \$2,400 for the full 12 months, as his assistant line coach, jayvee coach and scout—and to coach the boxing team in the winter. Of boxing I knew next to nothing. No, that's not right. I know absolutely nothing.

So that summer while working in my father's paint factory I slipped off to the YMCA three times a week to get punched around by the Y's boxing coach. I didn't get good, but I got good enough to fool the Yale freshmen, one of whom was Bill Proxmire.

I coached at Yale for six football seasons, from 1935 through 1940. My scholastic advisers were convinced I couldn't handle law school and a full-time job, so they wouldn't let me try until 1938 when, with reluctance, they relented for two courses. I was warned that of the 125 students entering law school that year, 98 were Phi Beta Kappa, and that was clearly another league from the one I had been in. Somehow I got by, and that spring, without telling Ducky Pond, I began taking a full load of law courses.

In the fall of 1938 Pond made me head jayvee coach in charge of scouting and raised my pay to a fabulous \$3,600 a year. One of the teams I scouted that year was my alma mater, Michigan, starring the great Tom Harmon. Michigan beat Yale, but barely—15-13.

The Yale staff was excellent. Greasy Neale was on it, and Ivy Williamson, who had played at Michigan before me and was my roommate one summer when I took a couple of law courses there. He was going for his master's in education. Williamson later became a winning head coach at Wisconsin.

By January of 1941 I had completed my law requirements and I received my degree in June. World War II ended my football career. I was in Tom Hamilton's V-5 program for two years, working as athletic officer with responsibilities as an assistant ship's navigator on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific, but I never went back to coaching, except vicariously on Sunday afternoons at RFK Stadium. I doubt George Allen notices.

I spoke earlier of the lessons to be learned from football. The reverse is also true: football learns. Or at least its practitioners do. Of all our sports I think football best reflects the nation's tastes, and is constantly adjusting to meet them. I know of none that changes as often, or as radically.

I don't think anyone—except the coaches and the place-kickers—would argue that the changes in the pro game that were adopted this winter were not in answer to public taste. There had been a growing conservatism in pro football, and by nature Americans are not conservative—at least not in sports. The last several Super Bowl games were played by highly competent teams, maybe the best ever, but they were so competent within the framework of their own restrictions that the Super Bowl lost the spontaneity and the sparkle the public likes. They were almost too good for their own good, if that's possible. The fan likes to see an error as a very real threat, as a possible sudden turn to rev up a game. Right or wrong he likes his heroes to take gambles now and then, to make mistakes. Interestingly enough, the impact of the new rules brings the pro game closer to the college game, and as far as I'm concerned that's for the better. The colleges have had that spontaneity. Their coaches have been more daring. Two or three of the most recent college bowl games were far more interesting than the Super Bowl.

As I think back on my own football days, I find myself marveling at today's athletes—in all sports. They are better in every respect: bigger, stronger, faster and better cared for. I think it is true that they have had much to divert their attention from the drive to excel—affluence can be disconcerting, and there was the war in Vietnam. But these are hardly insurmountable handicaps. Affluence should be an asset. It helps provide the facilities that broaden the base we need now. And, of course, all wars end.

The fact remains that these athletes do excel. And together with our international programs, I would like to see our national institutions reflect that excellence. I would prefer, to mention one example, that the service academies be in the forefront of college football instead of in the rear. Or at least be above average.

The reason for their current slump is obvious and forgivable: the five-year service commitment a cadet or midshipman has after graduation. Proposals have been made to get around that commitment, to balance the need for good intercollegiate representation by the academies against the requirements of the services. One idea is to allow academy graduates who have a chance for a professional athletic career to postpone their military duty for X number of years. The argument is that they will wind up being more valuable to the service at an older, more settled age, when they will be looking for the post-athletic career so many pro fail to establish. And, of course, they would still be young men.

My surface judgment is that it might be workable for an athlete to spend, say, five years after his academy class graduates in a reservist's role, meeting once a week for training and two weeks a year on active duty, and then fulfill his service obligation. There will may be an Arnold Tucker or a Doc Blanchard or a Pete Dawkins out there waiting for such a chance. All three were All-Americans, and all became outstanding career military men.

I think this, too, that our better athletes today, despite the times and all the terrible crises, are really the vanguard of our young leadership. I know that in terms of spiritual awareness they are way out in front.

A friend of mine from my old Congressional District, Billy Zeoli, does a lot of ministerial work for the Dallas Cowboys, and over the years—at various group meetings and breakfasts and banquets—I have come to know men like Norm Evans, Bobby Richardson, Stan Smith and Bill Glass, and each time I meet another one like them I am reassured.

Three years ago Billy took me to his services for the Cowboys when they were in Washington to play the Redskins. I can't tell you how impressed I was. But my son Jack was really impressed. Jack got to sit next to Jethro Pugh. He didn't tell his old man to hurry up that day.



RING OF BRIGHT MARBLES

The world is in bad shape, brother. The world needs help, brother. Just look to the right or the left, and you know what the Captain is hollering about between the stutters of his Woolworth horn at a Broadway stakeout. Heck, he complains, this was once a prized territory you could always get a decent piece of cheesecake at any hour and you seldom heard the clank of coin, only the silence of bills falling gently. Well, nothing is the same anymore, even for Salvation Army captains, not to mention summer and children and neighborhood games and the quality of jawbreakers.

For one thing, summers always seemed longer and hotter, the beaches more vacant and children more like children. Kids 10 years old seldom sound their age. They sound like they're 50 and have more opinions than a racetrack tout, like "Tell

him, Billy, what you think about nuclear detente." Another thing, where have all the butterflies gone? They are rarely seen in large cities anymore and are vanishing from the suburbs as well. Lepidopterists in England did not see a single black and gold Chequered Skipper in all of 1973. The world is in bad shape, brother.

All of this brings us down to marbles, not the argot for brains but the real thing: perfectly round; so smooth, brilliantly colored; as precious to generations of children as any diamond. Has anyone seen a marble lately? Has anyone seen a marble in the hand of a kid? Most likely the answer is no, for the only things kids carry these days are transistor radios, slices of pizza and tickets to rock concerts. The marble belongs to a time that now seems otherworldly, when trees lined big city blocks as far as the eye could

see, when barley soup was supper three times a week, when children had secret places.

True, but not absolutely so. Nothing is absolute in the U.S. of A., not even the decline and fall of marbles. That was evident recently in Wildwood, N.J., hard by the Atlantic Ocean and only a couple of steps removed from being an esthetic blight. Now, Wildwood is not a common name in seaside language, nor will you find it on any object fished out of a penny arcade claw machine, but three things made Wildwood, N.J. a subject of curiosity the other day: it had its first earthquake (a sudden tremor), an event quickly ignored because it would only produce bad publicity; it had the largest assemblage of elderly people (known offensively as Senior Citizens) ever beheld by the human eye; and it



It was a time for reverie on the hot, flat Jersey sands, as the children participating in the national tournament knuckled down with their shooters of exotic colors **by MARK KRAM**

was the site of something called the National Marbles Tournament.

Scientists easily explained the quirk, saying that something out there in the ocean slipped back into place after ten thousand years. One lovely and aged lady explained the presence of the Citizens. "Nobody else wants us," she said. "Nobody likes to look at or have old people around. We have to stick together." Fine, but nobody could figure out what the National Marbles was doing there, least of all the mayor of Wildwood who—if he does not exactly consider marbles anathema—would prefer that the players take their marbles and go somewhere else to play. The mayor likes conventions, he likes people with funny hats on—the fez kind—rolling up and down his boardwalk, he likes people who buy things.

"You mean to tell me that the mayor

of this town doesn't like marbles?" the mayor's public relations man is asked.

"Well, I wouldn't say that," he says.

"Then the mayor is crazy about marbles, is that right?" he is asked again.

"No, I wouldn't say that."

"Well, what would you say?"

"I say we like publicity. We don't get any publicity out of this. We just get a lot of kids shooting marbles."

"The mayor doesn't like marbles?"

"The mayor hates marbles," he finally says, his voice moving into a higher octave.

The conversation seems a splice in the middle of a dream, a hazy film of a dream, the work of Bergman or Antonioni. The day is hot, the light as harsh as that which comes from an Algerian sun, and all around you are models of bilious green or cheap pink. The verandas are stacked

with old women knitting, or just talking over tiny tables, some with artificial flowers in the center. The boardwalk is a block away, and the first thing of note there is a sign saying that the lumber used in the redecking of the walk has been taken from the reviewing stand of Richard Nixon's 1973 inauguration. The mayor, among others, can be thanked.

Go on, and the senses are nudged. Noise blasts out of shops in the form of music of every persuasion, words stream from a hundred pitchmen waving their arms in front of rows of stuffed animals and garish figurines. The smells are those of onions, of hamburgers drowning in grease, of pizza curling at the edges on the counters. Here, in the middle of all this, between two giant amusement parks on piers that stretch out into the sea, is what remains of the lost world of mar-

continued

bles. Below on the beach and just off the boardwalk a handful of kids kneel on the edges of raised platforms knocking marbles out of a large green circle. The sea rolls in languidly. Click. Click. The old people, their eyes watery from the white glare, squint down at the kids. Click. Click. The sound of marbles, how familiar it once was.

The kids are precise, almost grim. A winner must knock seven of 13 marbles out of the 10-foot-diameter ring. Players can shoot continuously, as long as they bang a marble out of the ring and their jaw (a big marble, a shooter) stays in the circle. The players are not contemplative, unblinking, their tongues clamped by teeth, they line up their shots and shoot in seconds. The boys are taciturn, given to brooding over failure, the loss of an edge. The girls are much more social, at ease, more inclined to inhale the wonderful craziness of it all. Escorts and officials provide the passion.

Nothing much is at stake, but adults can always find something to flame their aggressiveness. The big prize is a \$600 college scholarship, and what has happened to those awards is telling. Not one champion has taken advantage of the scholarship. "They would prefer money," says one official, "but we won't allow it. Their parents would only take it and spend it." That explains much about the atmosphere in which marbles is played today. The game—what is left of it—belongs to the poor urban and rural areas, where a recreation center is an island of escape in the midst of drabness. But even in these centers, the game is hardly ever played.

The kids—30 of them this year—are not used to being the point of focus, in contrast to middle-class kids, who are always aware that they are the center of an intensive effort, that their happiness is a matter of great stakes. "Some of the kids," an official says, "have never seen the ocean, never stayed in a motel, hardly know much about anything." They have much in common with the generation of the '30s and World War II, when marbles were as treasured as a tar-ped baseball, a raggedy glove and a cracked bat made usable by nails and more tape.

Families then had no recourse to Dr. Spock and were not frantically striving to produce his near-perfect being. A kid was a kid—not the future of America in bold letters. Parents watched after his

health, sent him to school, tried to give him three squares a day—and left him alone: he was an individual in the best sense of the word. For a treat there were the bleachers at the ball park, or a Saturday afternoon with Gabby Hayes or Buck Jones and an all-day lunch at the movies. Parents were not entertainment directors, nor did they feel guilty for not making every hour their young spent memorable.

Ennui was seldom in the air in the old neighborhood, whether it was street blocks with a maze of alleys and vacant lots or a country field. One of the saddest complaints to be heard from a kid is that he or she is bored. If you were bored in that other time, well, that was your problem; kids without imagination were not suffered long. There were games to be played, and children who knew how to play them gloriously by themselves, without mouthy adults nearby grappling with identity crises.

Group play then had no supervision, and very few rules, and those that did exist changed by the moment. It was usually at the shank of the dying day when play climbed to its highest pitch, as if everyone was trying to drain the last full measure of joy before dark, when voices would cut through the night. "Boy, where are you? You come in here right this minute!" There was no specific time for play to begin, but the young seemed to gather by means of the mysterious signals of childhood. One by one they would turn up, going their own ways and to their own amusements.

Streetlamps cast light over the sidewalk, and even now the shadows of the tiny figures move through the mind with a strange reality. And the singsong chants of the girls jumping rope still carry with them a sweet poignance.

*I had a little brother,
His name was Tiny Tim,
I put him in the bathtub
To teach him how to swim.
He drank up all the water,
He ate up all the soap,
He died last night
With a bubble in his throat.*

Any time, of course, was right for marbles, but winter was cruel. Fingers moved reluctantly into position, the wind blew stingingly across the vacant lot and one's will could be sapped rapidly; winter was clearly a time when form did not hold. Summer was the best, the time when a

player's finest stock was brought out: shooters of exotic colors, looking as if they contained mysteries known only to their owners; big bags full of marbles won from previous campaigns, now to be used for a season to end all seasons. If the knees of your pants held out, if your thumbnail could take it, why, could greatness be far off?

This year Pittsburgh—always dangerous in the National Marbles Tournament—provided the finalists, Susan Regan, 13, and Larry Kokos, 14. It was the first time in 14 years for a boy-girl match, and it was not achieved without turbulence. When told of the arrangement, some male players balked, and one member of the executive committee said he would relinquish his chair. ITT saved the day; a spokesman said the company would not be involved in any discriminatory practices. Being the sponsor (the company's range of interests is endless) ITT brooked no back talk.

Larry Kokos, tall, dark and angular and wearing a Budweiser sun visor (page 25), went on to win the overall title. He was quite proficient. He had long, lean hands, which are helpful in marbles. He could put English on his shooter, so much so that first it would do a pirouette and then go to its position as if it were on a string; a player who can gain position consistently is not to be fooled with. Larry kissed the girl, the mayor gave a speech, the few old people left continued to stare and they were still there looking out toward the quiet sea when the kids were gone.

Thoughts chase each other through the mind. It was good that poor kids could leave the gray vice of the city for a few days because of a marbles tournament. But of all games, marbles should never be organized. It belongs to other summers, filled with games like prisoner's base, kick the can, to solitary hours when you merely climbed a tree, watched a spider spin a web across a dusty window, tossed a ball aimlessly against a factory wall or took a streetcar to the other end of town. Those summers exist now only in memory, and perhaps they were not as golden as they appear from a distance. But dumb toys, given too freely, and the adult frenzy to organize everything, will never replace them, for there were no child sophisticates then, and you could get distance out of a good jawbreaker, and most of all there was a beautiful aloneness to it.

END

**Based on 1984 EPA estimates. Actual mileage may vary.*

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PORSCHE

A False Spring: Part 2

Reprieve For a Madman

by PAT JORDAN

In which the author reports to the Milwaukee Braves' Class D farm team at Davenport, Iowa, suffers fits of foxtail wildness—followed by fits of pique and rage—and then, come wintertime, finds in Florida a saintly manager, a hypnotic pitching coach and a glimmer of hope for his career

Davenport was a gray industrial city not unlike Bridgeport, Conn., where I was born and raised. Maybe this explains why I don't recall much about it except that it was on the Mississippi River, had a population of about 90,000 and consisted mostly (in my memory, at least) of tall, soot-stained concrete buildings—banks, offices and department stores. I lived downtown in a bedroom on the second floor of an old two-family house. From there I had to walk through much of the city and then across some railroad tracks to get to the stadium where we played our games. Often I had to stop at those tracks and wait while a trainman guided a solitary boxcar past me and on up the tracks. The tracks were littered with dilapidated, unattached boxcars, all of which seemed no longer in use, except by that trainman, who moved them up and down the tracks to mysterious destinations only when he saw me approaching.

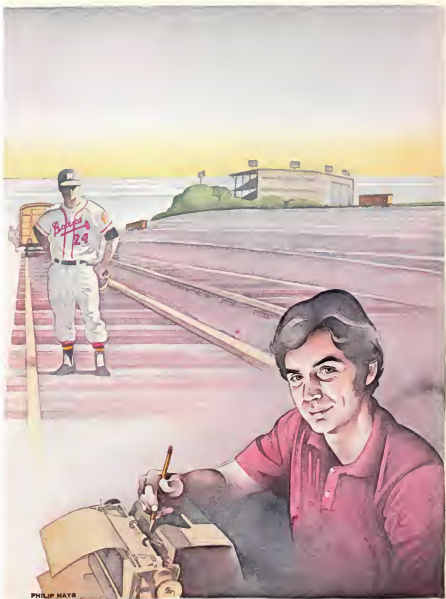
The stadium was built on the bank of the Mississippi. Its entrance was a few yards beyond the tracks and its outfield

fence only a few feet from the river. Across the Mississippi was a U.S. Army arsenal and large contingent of federal troops. Nearby were the Illinois cities of Rock Island, Moline and East Moline, which, with Davenport, formed the Quad Cities.

That year at Davenport I threw a baseball with more speed than I ever had before or have since. One night as I stepped out of the dugout to start a game against the Clinton White Sox, I overheard my fellow pitchers talking about the Sox' awesome hitter, Jim Hicks, a 6' 3" 205-pounder later to be an outfielder and first baseman for the White Sox, Cardinals and Angels. "You've gotta give him breaking stuff," they said. "He kills fastballs." I looked over my shoulder and said, "He kills your fastballs, maybe, but he won't kill my fastball." That night I struck out Jim Hicks three times. I threw him nothing but fastballs down the middle of the plate. He swung through them all. He swung with such force that he fell to one knee and had to right

continued

In Jordan's reminiscence of Davenport, eleven boxcars blocked the track of his career.



Reprieve continued

himself with his bat. There were times during that game when I knew he could be fooled by a curve. I had a sharp, erratic curveball that year, but I never threw him one. I just threw him fastball after fastball and he kept swinging as hard as he could, falling to one knee.

The sight of him on one knee was what I pitched for. I loved such moments more than I could ever love a satisfying career. I know that now. I had neither the patience nor the vision to develop a strip of moments into a successful season and, thus, a satisfying career. My career was no esthetically well-made movie, with rising action, climax, denouement. It was a box strewn with unnumbered slides, a box of pure and frozen moments through which I have been sorting, picking up a moment here, a moment there, holding it to the light, defining previously unseen details. Moments are fathomable in a way my career, my life, any life, can never be. Sitting here, I can see Jim Hicks fallen to one knee. He glares at me through time and space and this very paper before he begins to right himself, like an old man, with his bat.

Despite striking out Jim Hicks three times and Tom McCraw, today a first baseman for California, once, and the other Clinton players four times, I left the game after the sixth inning, leading 1-0. We lost 3-1. Errors? Walks? There memory fades. I remember only Hicks on one knee and, afterward, Hicks stopping me in the runway of the stadium. Smiling, he says, "Man, there oughtta be a law against you! Know what I mean? Make it eee-legal to throw a baseball that hard!" I float on his words. "But don't you worry," he adds. "Jim Hicks gonna get you yet."

"You keep trying, Jim," I say, and we both laugh.

I was able to sustain such moments for periods that

seemed always less than nine innings. I would pitch four, five, six innings of beautiful baseball and then I would lose it all. Not all, really. I never lost the speed. But the control—that vanished without a trace. One night I pitched a no-hitter for six innings and then opened the seventh by walking four batters in succession. My shortstop yelled, "Throw strikes!" I glared at him. Boos ricocheted overhead like rifle shots. My manager, Travis Jackson, leaped off his chair and bounded out of the dugout as if he'd been burned with a hot poker. When he reached the mound, he found a madman. Travis tried to calm me down, to soothe me with soft words while he slipped the ball out of my hand before I noticed my relief pitcher walking in from the bullpen.

"Get outta here!" I yelled at Travis.

"Now, son. . . ."

"And take him with you!"

Travis sighed, shrugged, threw his arm around my relief pitcher and led him to the dugout. The fans booed my relief pitcher with gusto. Someone yelled, "It's about time you took him out!"

Travis wanted to be spared our fans' boos, not to mention any of my rages in front of them. He waited impatiently for our road trips, which lasted six and seven days. He started me in Dubuque, Decatur, Waterloo, Quincy and Keokuk. In those towns the fans applauded my wildness. They shouted, "Keep the bum in there, he's not done yet," whenever Travis trotted out to the mound. As in Davenport, Travis always found me boiling, cursing, kicking dirt and saying, "You're not taking me outta this game." Travis would just smile and put his hand on my shoulder. "Don't you worry, son. You can pitch as long as you like. They love you in Keokuk."



But they were maddening, those inexplicable bouts of wildness. They were unlike any I had ever known. I had never been a control pitcher and never expected to be one. But I felt if I worked hard enough over the next few years I might eventually reduce the bases on balls to three every nine innings. In the past I had issued four, five and sometimes six walks. Those were fathomable. They were spaced out—one every other inning or so. There were reasons for them. Like most young pitchers I had first been wild out of inexperience. In high school I had been wild because I was trying to throw the ball harder than was natural in order to impress the scouts, just as in my brief stay with the Class D team at McCook, Neb. I had tried to impress my manager and my teammates. But at Davenport I threw with so much more speed than my rookie teammates that I did not have to strain beyond my natural limits to impress them. Still, I had yet to master my delivery, which I had altered slightly since high school (I now threw more directly overhand), nor had I mastered the newfound speed and movement of my fastball that I had grown into over the winter of 1959-60. I expected to walk four, five, six batters per game. That kind of wildness was understandable. But what I actually suffered was not. I would not walk a batter for five innings or six innings or eight innings, and then nothing but walks rained down on me. Four, five, six in a row. No matter how I altered my delivery (shorter stride after a low pitch, longer stride after a high pitch), nothing stopped those walks. I could not even stop them by throwing strikes.

One night, pitching with the bases loaded and two outs, I threw a perfect 3-and-2 fastball. The ball passed over the head of the plate at a level with the batter's waist. He dropped his bat and stepped across the plate toward his dugout. Then, realizing that the umpire had not called strike three, he bolted toward first. The runner on third trotted home, and as he did his path bisected that of Travis Jackson, who was walking to the mound. It was all happening so quickly, all these perfunctory movements without any argument from my catcher or Travis, that I began to doubt I had seen what I had just seen. I was so stunned that I allowed Travis to relieve me without a protest. As we crossed the third-base line on the way to our dugout the home-plate umpire took off his mask and stepped toward us. He shook his head commiseratingly and said, "Sorry, I missed that last one, Pat." Something must have snapped in me then, because I do not remember what happened next, only what my teammates told me the following day: that I lunged at that umpire and would have got him, too, if old Travis hadn't tackled me, and the rest of my teammates hadn't rushed over to half-drag, half-carry me into the dugout, where I continued to shout obscenities.

The season ended in Kokomo. I pitched 6½ innings of relief to win my fifth and final game of the year. I had lost 12 times. My earned run average was 4.67, I had allowed 105 hits in 135 innings, walked 119 and struck out 143. Each week when the Midwest League statistics were published in the Davenport paper, I was always at the bottom

of the list of starting pitchers with more than 100 innings worked. One of the pitchers at the top of that list was Bob Sprout, a Decatur southpaw who led the league in strikeouts and once pitched a no-hitter in which he struck out 22 batters. In 1961 the Los Angeles Angels called him up, and he pitched four innings of one game. That was the sum of his major league experience.

After my final victory Travis told me that the Braves wanted to send me to the Florida Winter Instructional League in October. The league was a showcase for all the most talented young players in the system, players who needed only a little more experience and coaching before they moved up to the major leagues. I was one such player, said Travis, despite my horrible statistics. I was thrilled.

"All you need is some confidence and control," he said, for what seemed like the 100th time that year. "You've got the stuff."

"I know it," I said.

"There's one other thing," he said. "The Braves are worried about you, son. They're worried about your attitude. You don't get along."

"I like being alone," I lied.

"That's all right. A lot of guys in this game are loners. But, still, you got to get along with your teammates sometime. You got to fit in someplace or else you'll never make it. You listen to old Travis, now, he's been in this game 40 years."

"I know."

Autumn in Bradenton, Fla., is like spring in Connecticut. The nights and mornings and late afternoons are pleasantly cool, the middle of the day is sunny and warm. Living in Bradenton from September to November of 1960, I grew accustomed to its springlike weather. When I returned to Connecticut in late November I found the days cold and sunless, and the nights freezing. It was winter in Connecticut, and would remain so for months. This fact confused me then and for a long while afterward until one day I realized that what I had experienced in Bradenton had been a false spring.

The Florida Winter Instructional League was (and still is) essentially a baseball prep school. Players sent there were not necessarily the most successful in each system but, rather, those with the most potential for success in the major leagues. Each team consisted of about 25 players who, it was hoped, would benefit from extensive individual instruction (something minor-leaguers never got, I had discovered) and an additional 60-game fall semester, which would hasten their graduation from the minors to the majors. Despite the disparities in our baseball educations, we were united by a natural talent for hitting, fielding and throwing baseballs. Some were closer to fulfilling the promise of that talent than others, but we all had talent. Everyone was paid the same wage, \$350 per month.

The caliber of play in the FWIL was comparable to that of a Double-A league. The conditions, however, were major league. We lived in the same towns, used the same stadiums, uniforms and equipment, and had the same weekly schedule that major league teams had during spring train-

continued

How Ben Gratzke would drink, battle after bottle of beer to drown the memory of his dreadful bus accident.

ing. We played five games a week, had one day of practice only and one day off. The games were played in the afternoon. The mornings were devoted to instruction from the best hitting, fielding and pitching coaches in each organization.

My manager was Ben Geraghty. He was 48. He had begun his professional career with the Dodgers in 1936 but was sent back to the minors that year. With the exception of two brief wartime stints with the Boston Braves, he played in the minors thereafter. At the age of 30 he became a minor league manager. By 1960 he had managed 14 years and only four times finished lower than second. He was named Minor League Manager of the Year in 1957, the year his Wichita team won the American Association pennant. During the nine years he had managed in the Braves' system, his teams won five league pennants. Henry Aaron, who played for him, once said Ben Geraghty was the greatest manager who ever lived, certainly the greatest he had ever played for.

When I arrived in Bradenton, Ben Geraghty was a legendary figure. His former players spoke of him in mystical and, it seemed to one who had not yet met him, mythical terms. They said he was the game's most brilliant strategist, with the highest winning percentage of any manager in professional baseball history. He was a master at inducing such aging veterans as Ed Charles to surpass their own previously self-defined limitations, while, at the same time and on the same team, he coddled and prodded young prospects into fulfilling their potential. After Ben had soothed aching muscles and psyches, his players performed in a way they had never done before, which amazed them. Thirty-three-year-old pitchers swore they could reach back for fastballs they had lost four seasons before, while wild rookies could cut the outside corner of the plate with a fastball for the first time in their lives. If you played for Ben Geraghty, and afterward you could not do these things, then you could not do these things at all, it was said, for any manager. Whatever you did for Geraghty, it was your potential fulfilled.

Yet Ben Geraghty did not become a legend at the age of 45 because of any magic he worked on a baseball diamond. His players spoke of him with the reverence one associated not with a minor

league manager who had enriched their careers, but with a man who had enriched their lives in a way that had nothing to do with batting averages.

Geraghty was more saint than evangelist. He saw life in terms of means, not ends. He appreciated victories and earned more than his share, yet he preached no philosophy of victory. He was devoted first to the means to those victories. Geraghty hammered his will into a shape that accommodated each of the disparate visions of his players. His first instinct was to realize his players' potential, and only after that, his own. Winning came last. He did not see these possibilities as interlinked like the Olympic rings. Often they were in conflict, and when they were Geraghty followed his first instinct. His choice was more compulsive than willful. Ultimately it destroyed his own chance to be a major league manager. As long as he was so successful at developing others' talent he would be more valuable to the Braves in the minor leagues than in the majors. He was a victim of Catch-22 logic. His players saw this. They saw his loss as their gain, and witnessing his sacrifice led them to speak of him the way Charley Lau, a coach with Baltimore, did in 1969: "Ben Geraghty? Yes I knew him! Poor bastard! May God bless his soul!"

This article is an excerpt from the autobiography "A Faber Spring," to be published by Dodd, Mead & Company.

The Bradenton ball park was fresh and open to the sun, with everything in it of wood painted a dark forest green. There were no lights. All the games were played under a bright sun. Thrown and batted balls were no longer hazy half-spheres but were completely round, white baseballs with red stitches and stams. Everything in that ball park was sharp and clear. It was an unusually quiet place. Our only fans were a few old men in sun visors, Bermuda shorts and knee-length stockings. They sat in the exposed bleachers, doing in the sun. Brilliant plays were rewarded with silence. We were never conscious of those fans, never conscious of performing for anyone but ourselves. Nor were we conscious of the sounds of a city, of passing trains, of

smoke rising from a factory, because there were no such things. The only things we saw were the grass and the dirt and the ball and ourselves in uniform, and the only sounds we heard were the smack of leather and the shouts from a shadowed dugout and the shrill whistle of a shortstop as he bent low for the next pitch. It was an ideal place to play baseball. The only thing we had to concentrate on was the game itself and our performance in it.

Far down the left-field line were two warmup mounds, and beside them a green bench for our relief pitchers. A few yards beyond there was a small, square, wooden building, painted white, that served as our clubhouse and dressing room. After workouts and games we hung our wet uniforms to dry on rusty nails stuck into the side of the clubhouse. From a distance on a breezy day those flapping uniforms looked like oddly shaped sails or pennants on a square, white, land-bound ship.

It was in that clubhouse on the afternoon I arrived in Bradenton, and after the other players had gone and the floor was still wet and littered with clumps of red clay and used towels, that I first saw Ben Geraghty. It was his habit to stay late after a practice or game so that he could replay the day's events in his mind in the silence of a deserted room. He was sitting, naked but for a towel wrapped around his waist, on a low stool in front of a locker. His legs were crossed and he was drinking from a can of beer. He drained it in a long gulp, his head tilted far back.

I went over to him and with great effort he stood up. He was a thin, bent man with a bony chest and slack, grayish skin that hung in a smallish pouch at his belly. I introduced myself and he shook my hand. His hand was soft and cold. His fingers were as long and fleshless as pencils, only more delicate, and as I squeezed I could feel their brittle bones. Those fingers were useless to a ballplayer. He did not release my hand right away, but held it in a surprisingly firm grasp while he searched my face. His eyes were blue chips embedded in dark sockets.

He let go of my hand. "You're a good-looking boy," he said, "a good-looking boy." This embarrassed me at first. It seemed unnatural until I realized he did not mean my face or my body but some-

thing that included both, and also my talent, but was more than the sum of these. Ben Geraghty could read me and in that reading see something deep that I, at 19, could not see.

We talked briefly and I was surprised at how much he knew about me: little things, like my closeness to my brother and my being of Italian extraction; things that seemed to have nothing to do with baseball. After a while he lost interest in me, or maybe he was just exhausted from his effort at conversation. He directed me to an empty locker and then he sat down on his stool and was silent.

I have never forgotten that first meeting with him. His sickly body, that drained face, those eyes. They were amazingly blue and penetrating, and yet they seemed distracted, too, and terror-stricken, so that you could not look into them for very long without feeling that they were looking through and beyond you to some distant vision. The vision had changed his life. Everything of importance prior to its coming had diminished to insignificance afterward. No matter where he looked, or at whom, it was always there in the distance, an image only Ben Geraghty could see. His vision set him apart, scarred him. In fact he bore a visible scar—a thin white line running across his forehead at the base of the hairline. At first glance it looked like a frown line. He had received that scar in the summer of 1946, when he was playing with a Class B team in Spokane. He was 31. His team, like most in the lower minors, traveled by bus. On the night of June 24, after a heavy rain, the team bus was maneuvering down a road cut like a corkscrew into the side of a mountain. Halfway down the mountain the driver swerved the bus off the road to avoid an approaching car. The bus traveled for a few seconds on the soft shoulder alongside the road and then the shoulder began to crumble and fall away and the bus plummeted down the side of the mountain. When it came to rest nine of the 15 players in it were dead and Ben Geraghty was close to death. His head had shattered a window. He was still conscious, so he ripped off his shirt and tied it around the top of his head and under his chin in order to stop the bleeding, and then he waited for help to arrive.

Never again was Geraghty a healthy man. He was susceptible to cuts and

sprains and colds and fevers, and the slightest physical effort exhausted him quickly. He was always resting, always catching a breath before he walked out to the mound for the second time in an inning to relieve his pitcher. He was sensitive, too, to sudden movements and unexpected noises, which so terrified him that he tried always to anticipate them. This struggle to intuit threats sharpened and deepened his perceptions so that in time he was able to see not only threats but many things the rest of us could not see. He saw beyond his players to the things they would say and do before they said and did them.

He came to know his players better than they knew themselves. This deepened perception was what made Ben Geraghty a great manager and a great man, and he owed it to his accident.

To that accident he also owed his inordinate fear of buses. It caused him such excruciating mental pain to ride in one that he considered giving up his dream of becoming a major league manager. The dream was not worth all those rides he would have to endure as long as he managed in the minor leagues. Eventually, though, Ben chose to continue his career, knowing that the decision would force him to confront his fear constantly. On a trip he always wore his "lucky shirt" and sat in the front seat directly behind the driver. He had one of his players deposit a case of 24 bottles of beer beside him on the seat. Throughout the night, while his players slept, Ben drained bottle after bottle and talked incessantly to the driver. When the bus arrived at its destination the players would wake to find their manager had consumed all his beer and was not drunk. He just looked more haggard than usual.

When we threw in the bullpen at Bradenton, John Whitlow Wyatt, the pitching coach of the Milwaukee Braves for the previous two years, stood beside us and whispered soft advice. Wyatt was one of those rare people who seem to take pleasure in the simplest of acts. There was no part of his baseball life that he did not appear to enjoy. He found his satisfactions in its minute details that were hidden beneath its more stupendous pleasures. He cultivated this sensitivity early, because he had learned early that his major league career was destined to be lacking in larger pleasures. For a dec-

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ade it consisted of won-lost records like 0-2, 4-5, 3-5, 2-3 and 0-0. It was not until he faced a war-weakened National League that he had three very good years with Brooklyn (22-10 in 1941, 19-7 in 1942, 14-5 in 1943). By the time he became a pitching coach he had learned to find satisfaction in still having a baseball life, the good life, which we, in our pursuit of larger satisfactions, overlooked.

Listening to Wyatt's soft advice while you threw was hypnotizing. His soothing drawl was an opiate that dulled, then softened resistance and made you helplessly open and receptive to his words. But as with all opiates, Wyatt's soft words could be dangerous, too. You believed you had mastered things you had not. You tried to perform feats of magic on the mound that you sadly discovered were still beyond you. But still, Wyatt did not consciously try to deceive you. It was just that his enthusiasm for the game was contagious.

Wyatt was a major league pitching coach for 11 years before he was fired by Paul Richards, the new general manager of the Atlanta Braves, in 1969. Wyatt was 61 years old at the time and he did not seek another job in baseball. He retired to his sprawling farm in Buchanan, Ga. which he had purchased early in his career for about \$20,000. It was then valued at something like \$300,000.

In the spring of 1963, Ben Geraghty died of heart trouble or liver trouble or some such physical ailment, I'm not sure which. He was 48 years old and had never managed in the major leagues.

I had arrived in Bradenton as the least successful of all the pitchers, but after a month I led the Braves' team with a 4-1 record and an earned run average of under 2.00. For a while I had led all the league's pitchers with an ERA of 0.00. I did not pitch an inning for the first week of the season. Each morning I went to the bullpen to work with Wyatt. At first he taught me a change-of-speed off my fastball and then, gradually, he began to change my pitching motion. At that time I possessed the classic high-kicking, overhand motion of a right-handed Warren Spahn. It was the ideal motion for a fast-ball pitcher because it had a great deal of movement, which evolved into a powerful rhythm that propelled every part of the body (arms, shoulders, back, legs) into each pitch. It was also a difficult mo-

tion to master. There were so many parts needed to build up that rhythm, and such a delicate balance between those parts, that the slightest variation in any one (too high a kick, too long a stride) would throw the pitch off target. Spahn had mastered such a motion, and so had Wyatt. But it had taken them many years. There were a lot of fastball pitchers who never mastered it. I might be one of them, warned Wyatt. A less stylized, more compact motion would help me to throw strikes. He cut out some of the movement from my delivery, abbreviated other parts, and for the first time in my career I could throw strikes when I wanted to. It was such a pleasure to have a catcher give me a target on the outside corner of the plate and then be able to throw the ball right to it that, at first, it did not bother me that I was no longer throwing the ball with as much speed as I used to, or that my new delivery felt unnatural, as if I were flipping the ball with my arm and not using the rest of my body. When I did realize what was happening to my speed and delivery I was still willing to compromise them for control and, I hoped, success.

After two years of failure I did not have the patience or the will to continue throwing with my natural motion, knowing that ahead of me might lie years of additional frustration before I perfected it, and that there was the distinct possibility I might never perfect it. The thought of continued and, perhaps, permanent failure terrified me. For years I had heard only the sounds of my parents' approval as I pitched to my brother on the sidewalk in front of our house. I had avoided failure so much longer than most (all those years of no-hitters and strikeouts) that its intrusion into my life was at first incomprehensible, and then so frightening that I would do anything to shake it. I was even willing to compromise the only thing in my life I had ever consciously cultivated, and the only thing in myself I had ever valued—my natural talent. It was an easy corruption, began first in high school when I had subordinated the perfecting of that talent to my quest for the largest bonus. That was the first time I had ever consciously used my talent, whose perfection had been my only goal, as a means to another end. Now, in Bradenton, when I should have been trying to perfect that talent (i.e., try-

ing to throw a baseball as naturally and as fast as I could, and only then to control it), I again subordinated that end to another. I deliberately turned away from the natural uses of my talent in the hope that this would bring me not success, even, but merely the absence of failure. Such a cowardly satisfaction! And one that ultimately led to a failure so devastating, lacking in the satisfaction that a nobler failure might have provided, that I have yet to come to grips with it . . . to admit that I was the destroyer of my talent, of that one thing in me that was special to me. It does not matter what that thing was or how trivial it might have been. It only matters that such a thing did exist in me, as it does in us all, and that by refusing to risk perfecting it I was denying what most truly defined me.

But for the time being, that fall in Bradenton, I was euphoric. I worked with Whitlow Wyatt every day for almost two weeks and appeared in a few games as a relief pitcher. My first start was against the Clearwater Athletics. Joe Torre was my catcher. He caught a beautiful game. In the center of his fat, round mitt was a perfectly round pocket, stained darker than the rest of the glove and as inviting as a bullseye. I threw to that dark pocket. With each pitch it seemed to grow larger and larger, until it was larger than the glove and then larger than the chest protector and then larger even than Torre himself, and, finally, it obliterated everything, and all I could see was that perfectly round dark pocket so ridiculously large and inviting that it was impossible for me not to throw the ball directly into it. Suddenly, for the first time in years, it was easy, really easy, unbelievably easy. For nine innings I threw to that pocket and the batters hit ground balls and fly balls and, occasionally, a line-drive someplace, and when the last batter was out I walked off the mound, grinning. Torre tucked his mask under his armpit and met me as I crossed the third-base line. He reached out his hand and said, "Now you look like a pitcher." I had pitched a two-hit shutout.

NEXT WEEK

Joined by his new—and perplexed—wife, Jordan follows his destiny to Eau Claire, Wis. and Polonka, Pa.

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THEATER SOCCER SORT OF SOCKO



RENE ANSELMO PUT TOGETHER THE WORLD CUP HOORAY

Contrary to what you might believe, theater broadcasts of sporting events did not arrive full-blown from the mouth of Muhammad Ali in the mid-1960s, nor do they date from the '40s when some of Joe Louis' bouts were transmitted. The phenomenon goes back quite a bit further. Just 53 years ago this week, David Sarnoff wired up a number of arenas and lodge halls within a 700-mile radius of Jersey City, N.J. and beamed forth a radioact of the Dempsey-Carpenter fight that drew more than 200,000 listeners at a couple of dollars a ticket.

This Sunday one of the most ambitious U.S. theater broadcasting ventures ever will wind up with the televising of the championship World Cup soccer game from Munich, and it is almost as big a step into the American as Sarnoff took. For three weeks the Cup games have been shown in 45 U.S. and Canadian cities, with tickets between \$5 and \$20. By the time the winner is decided, about 700,000 North American fans will have paid to see the spectacle.

The problem with theater telecasts is that to succeed on a national level, passions must be aroused. Certain fights can do it and a Super Bowl game might. The Indianapolis 500 has been less than successful. The present World Cup matches have done fairly well, though not up to the expectations of the promoters, MagnaVerde Productions of New York. Rene Anselmo, the man who put the show together, had hoped to draw more people into theaters to see the games than would view them in person in Germany—

an estimated two million.

"I thought we would do \$10 million in business like rolling off a log," Anselmo said last week, "and the log I really had in mind was someplace between \$10 and \$15 million." Anselmo spent \$3 million for the rights to the matches and by the time the bottom line is reached MagnaVerde will have grossed about \$7 million. (Estimated net: \$1 million.)

Anselmo, 48, is the president of the New York-based Spanish International Network, which has 12 affiliated TV stations throughout the country. He is an outspoken man of Italian descent, the son of the postmaster of Quincy, Mass. Anselmo's Park Avenue offices resemble a hacienda and when he is asked he lets it be known with both feeling and wit. When Clay T. Whitehead was White House Director of Telecommunications Policy, he received a letter from Anselmo objecting to a plan to put more VHF stations on the air. "Your idea," Anselmo wrote, "comes upon us like a breath of fresh mustard gas."

Anselmo believed that this year the World Cup would hook Americans on soccer. His limited Cup telecasts four years ago were a surprising success, and since then, as he says, "I've been obsessed with how to get more Americans interested in soccer. How do I get the average American to try it?"

MagnaVerde put better than \$500,000 into TV commercials to promote the Cup showings, and increased newspaper advertisements "tenfold" over 1970. "Still, I look at the lines at the box offices at Madison Square Garden and don't see enough Americans," he observes glumly. Yet he is sanguine about the future. "If we have done one thing it is to get media response to soccer. Americans are now more aware of soccer than ever before and in time that will help a great deal."

Certain conditions over which Anselmo had no control did not help his Cup plans. The games started in midweek and there were two open weekend dates. And the wrong teams, from Anselmo's point of view, kept

getting knocked out. After Italy and Scotland were eliminated, for instance, almost half the audience Anselmo figured might have been drawn by national passion in Philadelphia was gone. (While the Scots were still in it, however, they showed up in numbers all over, with bagpipes and kilts, national flags and the national beverage.) The continued advance of the Dutch, on the other hand, has left Anselmo and MagnaVerde fiscally underwhelmed.

The technical problems were few. The games were played in nine different locations in Germany and the pictures went from the stadiums to a control room in Frankfurt to a ground station in Rastatt, Germany before being bounced off the Atlantic satellite. The images came down in Etan, W. Va., went through ATT wires to New York, then on to the Hughes Sports Network and back through ATT to the theater and arena screens. At times Anselmo had reason to be irritated by the quality of the pictures. DOZ, the German network, was supposed to have 90 cameras at work, but it appeared at times that 89 of them were in the Black Forest photographing elves. The constant use of wide shots made it difficult to concentrate on individual players. Had the Germans employed more U.S. television techniques the video might have been more informative.

Soccer has not been a television sport in this country, and apparently is not about to be. CBS got a hint of that a few years ago by losing several million putting NASL games on the air. The San Jose Quakes of the NASL, currently the most dramatic U.S. soccer team, are averaging 15,000 a game compared to 7,500 for baseball's nearby Oakland A's and 9,100 for the San Francisco Giants. But the Quakes have resisted TV because, as General Manager Dick Berg says, "If people watch soccer on television now, they'll be like I was six months ago—bored silly. Television has to perfect some ideas for this sport, like how to handle the instant-replay concept in a game that never stops. On television soccer just looks like a bunch of guys chasing a big balloon around."

Many U.S. sports have depended on television to get people into the stadiums. Soccer may be the exception. Although MagnaVerde discovered that there is a hard core of second-generation ethnic groups quite passionate about the game, most other Americans are yet to be convinced. **ENO**



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Three rivers, two strikes

Failing to get timely hits from vaunted batsmen and needed relief from the bullpen, Pittsburgh's Pirates are treading water above last place

After the Pittsburgh Pirates lost last week for the sixth time in seven games, one of the players described the clubhouse: "It was so quiet all you could hear was the sound of Danny Murtaugh's rocking chair in his office. . . . Squeak . . . squeak . . . squeak . . . which was a good sign, I guess. At least he was still alive and healthy."

Three months into the season the Pirates are not as healthy as their veteran manager. Not only are they fighting to stay out of the East Division cellar, but the manner in which they are losing is causing serious concern in the front office. In a stretch of four games last week the once powerful Pirates were held to a total of 11 runs, and in one game were the victims of a four-hit, 11-strikeout shutout. In another defeat Willie Stargell came to bat with runners on base four times and managed to hit a ball into the outfield only once. "Not to put all the burden on Willie," says Relief Pitcher Dave Gust, "but he's no longer hitting home runs in the later part of the game. No one is. We're getting enough hits, but no key hits."

"We never did play a fundamental brand of baseball," says another veteran Pirate. "We never looked for walks, stole bases or bunted runners over like, say, the Mets. This year it's catching up with us. Without that late-inning power, we're not winning. And we're unable to change our style. Most of our hitters are free swingers who seldom settle for a walk. And even if they did, it wouldn't do any good. They'd just as likely die on first base before anyone could bunt them over."

But the reasons for the decline of the once-mighty Pirates—from World Series champions in 1971 to divisional champions in '72 to third-place finishers in '73 to a club struggling at present to stay out of last place—go much deeper. They have lost many of the players who contributed most to the world championship. Roberto Clemente was killed in an airplane

crash, Steve Blass' fragile pitching talent has evaporated and Nelson Bries, Dave Cash, Milt May and Vic Davallillo, among others, were traded away. These losses were spaced out so that their effect has been cumulative, like the erosion of a piece of land by the sea. Only this year has the full impact been felt.

Ironically, the man Pittsburgh misses most, according to Pitcher Dock Ellis, is Bill Virdon. "Don't get me wrong," says Dock, "I don't think Virdon was cut out to be a general. He was too honest. But he was one helluva top sergeant. When Virdon was a coach, he did everything for Danny. Danny never even had to step out of the clubhouse until game time. Now look at who Danny's got to rely on." He points toward the dugout, where Murtaugh is sitting on the steps regaling his coaches with baseball lore.

"Yes, sir," Murtaugh is saying. "I get up to bat against a major league pitcher for the first time in my life and who am I facing? Grover Cleveland Alexander." His coaches laugh.

The Pirate players, unlike the Pirate front office, are less than reverential toward Murtaugh. "Danny thinks he can treat modern ballplayers like the oldtimers he played with," says one Pirate. "He thinks we'll fall for that con job of his."

Moreover, some of the World Series veterans are past 30 and possibly no longer able to carry the load they once did. Stargell is a perfect case in point. He is a huge, soft man, with an almost inaudible voice. His teammates have nicknamed him "Gentle Ben," after the kindly bear in the television series. When Clemente was killed, Stargell was called upon to lead the Pirates both physically with his bat and emotionally with his personality. When hitting, he can lift the team, but whether he is hitting or not his unassuming personality is not the kind to inspire his teammates. "The front office made him the team captain," says Ellis. "Man, there's no way Willie wants to be captain. He don't wanna go talking to play-

ers for his manager. He's his own man. Now Virdon, or Clemente, they could talk to players, make 'em hustle."

Of the younger players, Ellis, Bob Moose and Bruce Kison have suffered injuries that have prevented them from fulfilling their potential. Moose is out for the season with a circulatory problem in his pitching arm, and Kison has only lately recovered from arm trouble so serious that a year ago he could not raise his arm above his head. Ellis claims his arm is in excellent shape, but his record is 3-6 and his ERA 4.28.

But by far the most mysterious loss of talent has afflicted 27-year-old Bob Robertson, the muscular, and now fat, first baseman. Robertson hit four home runs during the 1971 playoffs, in which he had a .438 batting average. During the 1971 season he batted .271, with 26 home runs, and the season before, .287 with 27 home runs. For the past three years Robertson has had trouble sustaining an average above .200 and has hit only 34 homers during that span. Today pitchers are getting him out with high fastballs, which he handled with glee three years ago, and he moves through the Pittsburgh clubhouse like a man in a dream.

"The Pirates are still tough as far as I'm concerned," says St. Louis' Tim McCarver. "I don't know what's wrong with them, really. They don't seem to be making key defensive plays or getting key hits. But it is not any one thing. It's a mushrooming effect. One department starts to break down and that puts pressure on another department and that brings out weaknesses you never noticed before."

THE WEEK

(June 24-29)

by JOE MARSHALL

AL WEST California fired Manager Bobby Winkles, whose Angels were in last place, and hired ex-Oakland Manager Dick Williams. The A's owner, Charlie Finley, freed Williams from court restraints to permit him to join California. Maybe he was feeling especially magnanimous; his club had just beaten the Angels three straight. Waiting for Williams to show in person this week, California won two of its next three games, including a one-hit shutout by Nolan Ryan. "History shows teams react this way to a change," said interim manager Whitey Herzog. "They'll

continued

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And it's easy to imagine yourself out on the road driving one.

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all V8 models.

Test drive a Camaro with your own two eyes and, then, with your own two hands.

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Because the way Camaro looks is the way Camaro goes.

Chevrolet

CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA.

probably respond well to Dick for a while. But let's be realistic. Unless we continue in this frame of mind, we'll go back to playing the way we did—terrible."

Minnesota President Calvin Griffith refused to give Manager Frank Quilici a vote of confidence, nor did Quilici get one at home. His wife Penny, claiming psychic powers, predicted her husband would be fired. The Twins responded by winning two in a row and, following a loss, another three, after failing to put two victories together all June. Tony Oliva took a batting lesson from league-leader Rod Carew, who finished the week at .396, and got four home runs, including the 200th of his career, in three games. He also raised his average to .330.

Minnesota kept the White Sox from gaining ground on Oakland by knocking off Chicago's Wilbur Wood and Stan Bahnsen. Texas got a power-hitting streak from shortstop Toby Harrah—six homers in nine games—but otherwise the Rangers sagged badly, losing five of seven. Even the Royals, who beat Oakland in three of four games, could not gain ground. They lost twice to the White Sox early in the week. In one of the losses, Steve Busby followed up his no-hitter exactly as he did last year, by pitching 5½ hitless innings. The White Sox beat him by scoring three runs in the seventh, but not before he had set an American League record by retiring 37 straight batters. Busby came back strong at week's end, shutting out Oakland 2-0 on five singles. The crowd of 39,474 included Finley, who had pulled his team out of Kansas City seven years before and has not drawn as well as Oakland as the Royals have in K.C., a fact noted on the scoreboard, which flashed: EAT YOUR HEART OUT, CHARLIE.

OAK 41-24 CHI 25-25 KC 28-28
TEX 38-38 MINN 31-41 CAL 32-45

AL EAST

Ascent from the Perry brothers, the Cleveland Indians pitching staff had a dismal 4.77 earned-run average. But no matter. Last week both Perrys beat the league-leading Red Sox 2-1. Jim needed relief help in the ninth. Gary-lead went all the way the next night before 33,020 fans, who endured late-afternoon and early-evening downpours, with a three-hitter for his 14th consecutive win. The winning run in that game was scored by Leron Lee as he crashed into Boston Catcher Carlton Fisk. Fisk underwent surgery to repair torn ligaments in his left knee and to have cartilage removed, and may be gone for the season. The strain of losing Fisk's leadership could have precipitated Outfielder Juan Beniquez' shouting match with Boston Coach Eddie Popowski before the next game, but Beniquez hit a pair of homers, including his first major league grand slam, and Boston shelved Cleveland and pitchers not named

Perry 12-2. Earlier in the week the Red Sox won back-to-back shutouts 8-0 and 9-0 as Rico Petrocelli, limited to a designated hitter role because of a hamstring problem, hit three home runs, including his ninth career grand slam. Heavily banged up, he returned to third base—but lost his home-run touch. "I feel like a mummy," he said, "but a healthy one for a change."

The Tigers played like mummies, losing five of seven. Mickey Lolich, who had won five straight and pitched 11 consecutive complete games, lasted only six innings against Milwaukee, which went on to win 9-0. Jim Colborn scattered six hits in the shutout and the Brewers, who won four of six during the week, got other complete-game victories from Ed Sprague and Clyde Wright.

In Baltimore, Cy Young Award winner Jim Palmer, inactive since June 16 because of a sore arm, was placed on the 21-day disabled list. Mike Cuellar, riding a nine-game winning streak, was ejected from a game against the Tigers after the third inning for questioning the umpire's eyesight with foul-ter words and got tagged with a loss. Still, the Orioles managed to win three of five, with complete games from Doyle Alexander, Ross Grimsley and Dave McNally, the last a two-hit shutout. The Yankees should have such pitching problems. They lost three of four and remained in the cellar.

BOS 41-31 CLEV 37-34 BAL 37-34
DET 37-35 MIL 38-34 NY 38-34

NL WEST

Atlanta, with six games against Cincinnati and three against Los Angeles, was envisioning a serious charge at the division leaders but beat each opponent just once and fell to third (page 14). The Dodgers' loss to the Braves was their one slip of the week, as they continued to find ways to win squeakers. They have won no fewer than 15 times on the performance of their last man at bat. Reliever Mike Marshall set a major league record with 10 straight appearances, which at one point included five wins in six outings. With the season less than half over he has worked in 50 games. "I'm not sure Walter O'Malley has enough money to pay Marshall what he's worth," said another Dodger reliever, Jim Brewer. "He's amazing. He can't be human. What he has done is against everything that I ever felt was physically possible."

Three of the Dodger wins came at the expense of the Giants. San Francisco figured to be in a race, but not with San Diego to escape the cellar. And season attendance at Candlestick is less than what Los Angeles has drawn for six Dodger-Giant games. When the Giants dropped three straight to the Padres in the middle of the week, Manager Charlie Fox resigned, in effect changing jobs with Wes Westrum, who moved up from a scouting post.

After five days in the hospital because of a pinched sciatic nerve, Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson expressed relief at being allowed to rejoin the Reds. "I figured I had to get back," he said. "Seemed like every day another manager was gone." The Reds won seven of nine (making it eight of 10 since Anderson moved Joe Morgan from second to third in the batting order). Morgan responded to the shift with a .424 average, eight RBIs and four runs scored. He also drew eight walks and stole six bases. Two of the Reds' wins came over Houston, where the talk, as usual, was about the Astros' failure to live up to their potential.

LA 35-24 CIN 44-30 ATL 34-29
HOUS 37-38 SF 24-44 SD 24-46

NL EAST

When the Cardinals beat the Mets 6-1 for their fourth win in five games, Joe Torre waxed enthusiastic. "I've been in the big leagues 14 years and this is the best club I've been on," he said. Lynn McGlothen had just four hits for the Mets to become the National League's first 11-game winner. Earlier Bob Gibson flashed his old form with an 11-strikeout shutout of Pittsburgh. That left Gibson just 12 strikeouts shy of 3,000, a mark reached by only one other pitcher, Walter Johnson. The victory was Gibson's 241st, putting him ahead of Boston's Jon Marchal as the winningest active pitcher in baseball. But New York's Jon Matlack tempered St. Louis' exuberance. He allowed the Cardinals but one hit, a single by opposing Pitcher John Cunniff, as New York won 4-0. "If they had a designated hitter in this league, you'd have had a no-hitter," Tom Seaver told Matlack.

That closed out a good week for the Mets, who had already swept a three-game series from the Cubs. Chicago managed a four-four week by taking three one-run games from Montreal. One lasted 18 innings, and was finally won when Jerry Morales tripped home Don Kessinger. Morales had been unsuccessful in eight previous trips to the plate. Montreal gained a measure of revenge by bating out 17 hits, including eight doubles, to top Chicago 15-0 in a fourth game.

Earlier, the Expos had taken two of three from the Phillies, both shutouts, as Philadelphia went 26 innings without a run. "We're just not swinging bats," grumbled Manager Danny Ozark, whose team's only win was triggered by Pitcher Jim Lomberg's grand slam.

The Pirates came home to record their 10th straight victory at Three Rivers, but with four losses they dropped shoddy to fifth. They have a miserable 11-26 record against East Division clubs and are 7-16 in one-run games.

ST. L 38-34 PHIL 36-35 MONT 34-34
CHN 31-40 PITT 30-45 NY 25-42

Are you ready for the WFL? It's here!

While the old established National Football League was fretting about player strikes and picket lines, the upstart new league was displaying precocious professionalism as it prepared to launch its first season

The National Football League was down to two teams last Sunday night—one labor, the other management—and the annual huddle between veteran players and rookies seemed likely to take place on picket lines instead of the practice field. But one league's poison was another league's meat. While the NFL was wondering if it would be able to field any teams at all this year, the new World Football League was shaping up for the opening games of its first season, which begins...you better believe it...next week. Topps Chewing Gum Inc. is preparing bubblegum cards of WFL players. What more could you want?

The WFL, a product of Commissioner Gary Davidson's lively imagination less than a year ago, began to seem what they call viable when it signed Larry Csonka and other NFL stars this past spring. Now, as the 12 WFL teams conclude their training camps, the league is assuredly for real. The camps were well run. The teams are gaining personality. The Chicago Fire, moving into an area embittered by the ineptitude of George Halas' Chicago Bears, is exuding toughness with its three-a-day practices and strict rules about things like hancuts and getting to lunch on time. The Hawaiians, which is all the name the Honolulu franchise wants, are happy-go-lucky, overcoming the absence of a head coach (Mike Giddings was hospitalized with a strep infection most of the time that his team was training in California) and smog that engulfed practices. The Florida Blazers, settling down after a dizzy five months of indecision—the franchise was successively located in Washington, Norfolk, Va. and Orlando, Fla., with long-range glances at Baltimore and Annapolis, Md., and has been known as the Capitals, the Ambassadors, the Suns and the Blazers—display a brisk professionalism.

In many ways the Blazers characterize the WFL: the chaotic beginnings, the confusion of ownership, the shifting sites, the search for nicknames, the raiding of

the NFL for personnel, the legal hassles—and then, surprisingly, a competent operation. A good part of the credit for the Blazers' well-organized setup belongs to Head Coach Jack Pardee, a former All-Pro linebacker who played 15 years for the Rams and the Redskins. For the past eight, Pardee was a player and then a coach under the perennially successful George Allen, and his decision last January to leave Allen and the Redskins and jump to the WFL was a big plus for the new league.

"I looked around the NFL," Pardee

says, "and I saw plenty of good assistant coaches who never got a chance to be a head coach. I couldn't see waiting five years, or who knows how long, for an opportunity that might never come."

Unmistakable signs of Pardee's years with Allen marked the Blazers' camp, among them the hangnail Redskins windbreaker he often wears. Like Allen, Pardee ran solitary laps after practice, and some of the seven goals he has set for his new team, such as blocking six punts, reflect Allen's thinking. When Pardee invaded the NFL to sign a

IN HISTORIC FIRST SCRIMPAGE, FLORIDA (IN WHITE) RANG PHILADELPHIA'S BELT



"gamebreaks," he followed Allen's emphasis on defense and came up with Bill Bergey of the Cincinnati Bengals. "He is the best middle linebacker in football," says Pardee. "He's like Dick Butkus before his legs went bad." Bergey's defection prompted the Bengals to go to court, the first legal action taken by the NFL against the new league. Bergey's move was upheld, although he must play for Cincinnati this year and next, and thus can't report to the Blazers until 1976.

Pardee is sparing with words, and his approach to his players has been low key. "I've never been real responsive to being cussed or hollered at," he says. "I've told my players I'll treat them like I'd expect to be treated. But if I can't get along with them or if they break the rules, they'll be gone." The Blazers appear to welcome this approach. Says Wide Receiver Billy Walik, who played three seasons with the Philadelphia Eagles, "If there's a face coming out of the locker room that isn't smiling, I'd like to see it."



NFL REBEL RICKIE HARRIS EARNED PRAISE AND A JOB FROM BLAZER COACH PARDEE

But Pardee trained his team hard, scheduling workouts at 9:30 at night for players who needed extra conditioning. Jim Strong, a running back who played for three NFL teams, says it was the toughest camp he had ever been in. The hard labor appeared to pay off when the Blazers outclassed the Philadelphia Bell in the first WFL scrimmage ever. That was in mid-June at Shippensburg (Pa.) State College, where a local broadcaster proclaimed, "Sports history is being made right here in Shippensburg today."

Among the players Pardee is depending on this year is Defensive Back Rickie Harris, who was an NFL starter for seven years and in 1972 was named the most valuable defensive player on the New England Patriots. Then, surprisingly, he was released by the Patriots during the off-season. Tom Beer, player personnel director of the New York Stars who played with Harris on the Patriots, says, "Rackie was waived because he wasn't afraid to speak out."

Harris tried to catch on with the Minnesota Vikings last summer but was dropped after the first week. He called other teams, and says they would first express interest and then quickly lose interest. The problem apparently was a personal one. Pardee says, "He's better now than anyone New England had last year. They never replaced him."

"I just wanted someone to put me on the field and be open-minded," Harris says. "Players are fed up with the way the NFL has been treating them."

For the Blazers and other WFL clubs, a greater problem than finding players was the matter of obtaining sufficient financial backing to withstand the losses anticipated for the first few years of op-

eration. Season-ticket sales are said to be near 20,000 in Southern California and Jacksonville, and near 15,000 in Honolulu and Chicago. Of course, they were reported near 20,000 in Birmingham until a plea for new investors revealed that only 7,200 had been sold. That caused some adverse reaction. Head Coach Jack Genta said angrily, "All I know is what I read in the papers. I told a civic club in Birmingham we'd sold 20,000 tickets. This makes me look like a jackass. Publicity gimmicks are one thing, but deceit is another."

Nonetheless, the Americans, who play in Birmingham, a football hotbed, are expected to do well at the gate. Such promise of things to come is the base on which Davidson organized the WFL, and the Blazers again are a prime example of the technique of creating something financially valuable out of nothing. On Jan. 14 Davidson awarded what was then called the Washington-Baltimore franchise to E. Joseph Wheeler Jr. for a fee estimated at a quarter of a million dollars. Wheeler, a 48-year-old president of an oceanographic engineering firm who calls himself a "Wheeler-doer," said he had backers, but apparently the backers were interested in putting up hard cash only if Wheeler's new team could play in Washington's R. F. K. Stadium. But the rival Redskins had an exclusive lease at R. F. K. Wheeler, who at first said his team would play its home games in Annapolis, 40 miles from Washington, talked of large fees he would pay the Redskins to let him share the stadium. "He offered me a corporate note on a company called the Washington Capitals, Inc.," says Edward Bennett Williams, president of the Redskins. "He nev-

ertheless



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PRO FOOTBALL continued

or even showed me the first dollar."

"We don't want to compete head on or detract from the Redskins or the Baltimore Colts," said Wheeler. "I'm not coming in to start a raid on the Redskins or the Colts." So saying, he plucked Pardee from Allen's staff, and Pardee promptly drafted seven Redskins (none of whom chose to join the new team).

Wheeler's credibility faded. He forgot about Washington and Annapolis and moved his base to Norfolk, saying he was there to stay. "He lacked only one thing: money," says George Robert House, Norfolk city manager.

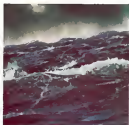
Wheeler and his wanderers looked lost and the entire WFL began to look shaky. Other WFL teams were roaming about, too. Toronto, which pulled off the Csonka coup, eventually wound up in Memphis, while the original New York franchise switched to Portland, Ore. and the original Boston franchise to New York. To Wheeler's rescue came Rommie Loudt, a former linebacker and personnel director for the Patriots who had spent years trying to land an NFL franchise for a group of Orlando investors. "I was pushing interracial ownership," says Loudt, who is black. "The NFL still does not have any black owners or general managers. Management is all white while 40% of the players are black."

Despairing of his chances of getting an NFL franchise (the current fee is \$16 million), Loudt wooed Davidson who brought Wheeler and Loudt's group together. Within a month the Orlando people purchased the tottering franchise and put it on its feet in Orlando. This left Wheeler with a big smile and, he claims, "a very favorable return." He says the sale price was \$3.2 million. Loudt says it was about half that much, and part of that amount was to cover outstanding bills. How big a profit Wheeler actually turned is debatable, but the very fact that he came out of the mess smiling enhanced the credibility of Davidson and his league.

Although he is no longer part of the WFL, Wheeler still sounds like an evangelist when he talks about it. "On Jan. 14," he says, "I evaluated Gary Davidson as a doc, and on July 10 my evaluation is going to come true. That is the day 10 World Football League teams are going to play football, and on July 11 two more are going to be on national TV. It would take an act of God to stop the WFL now."

END

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The next time you are bunkered by one of those cocktail party golfers, the type who uses a Vardon grip on too many martinis and who boasts how he can putt like Billy Casper and hit sand shots like Gary Player, jolt his ego by asking, "Ah, but can you drive like Jim Dent?" Because nobody can do that. Not even the president of General Motors.

Jim Dent is pro golf's latest Rocket Man. When he gets a good one in his driver's cross hairs it shows up on a NASA scope. Jack Nicklaus once crunched a 325-yard drive and sort of swaggered off to the side while Dent teed up his ball. Then Dent sailed his drive 45 yards past Nicklaus' ball. Pro golfers study Dent on the driving range with the same attention ballplayers used to give Frank Howard in a batting cage.

Right now Dent's game is made up of good news and bad news. The good news is that he can hit the ball 350 yards. The bad news is that he can't always find it. A perfect course for him would be the Bonneville Salt Flats.

Well into his fourth year on the tour, Dent still is struggling to establish himself outside the realm of a sideshow attraction. There are signs he is learning, picking up the nuances of the game and softening his rough edges. He finished second in the Disney World Open in 1972, won \$26,000 in 1973 and already has made some \$32,000 this year. If he maintains his pace he will become one of the top 60 money-winners and gain an exemption from Monday qualifying for 1975. His best finishes this year have been fifth at Tallahassee, eighth at Philadelphia and 10th at Inverrary. Through last week's American Golf Classic he had made 14 straight 36-hole cuts and cashed checks in 20 of 23 events.

"What you are looking for out here is that one week, that one week that changes your life," says Dent. "Like it did for Rod Curl or for Johnny Miller. Miller won the U.S. Open, and look what it did for him. Made him a different person. That is what everybody hopes for, that one week. And after it happens, you wonder why it took so long. There is a saying: 'You stand in line long enough, your turn will come.'"

Right now the people come to see Jim Dent do his thing, which is destroying the ball. As Dent addresses his tee shot, a sense of expectation runs through the gallery. When the ball takes off, there is a low murmur, as if people cannot be-

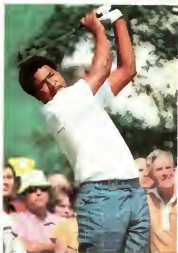
lieve what they are seeing. Dent's drives regularly travel 300 yards, and there are few par-5 holes that he cannot reach in two. Usually he hits an iron into a par 5, and occasionally he comes upon a par 4 that he can drive. Every couple of years a new big hitter appears on the tour. His general pattern is to hang around a while, go broke and head back to the hometown driving range. But Dent seems likely to stick. There is nothing particularly wrong with the rest of his game; he is not a wretched putter or iron player. He just has to firm up these aspects. "One shot better a tournament would make a big difference," he says.

In a game where the athletes are of normal size, Jack Nicklaus is known as "Big Jack." If you were to walk up to Nicklaus and Dent standing side by side, the inclination would be to call Nicklaus "Jackie" while addressing his companion as "Mr. Dent." Mr. Dent stands 6' 2" and weighs 228 pounds. From the waist down he is built like Secretariat. His thighs and hindquarters are huge, and the source of his power.

Jim Dent grew up in circumstances as close and yet as far away from golf as they could be. He was raised poor in Augusta, the home of the Masters. There were eight children in the Dent family, and his mother died when Jim was 10 years old. His father died five years later. Jim's older brother Paul caddied at the Augusta National Golf Club—he once carried President Eisenhower's bag—and it was only natural for Jim to caddle there, too.

During the early mornings in the summer the Augusta National caddies would sneak over to the adjoining Augusta Country Club, and there, back in a corner of the country club layout, they would fish a few holes of golf in the universal manner of caddies. Dent remembers what those rounds were like. "One guy would have a wood, one would have a five-iron, one would have a seven-iron, one a putter. We'd all switch around. Nobody had a full set of clubs in those days. And you had to play quick."

Dent played the Augusta National course only once. Each year the club allows its caddies to golf there on the day after the course is closed for the season. Dent remembers that he played with a friend who one-putted every green by simply "giving" himself every putt. "I didn't putt as well as he did," says Dent. "I must have shot about a 90."



Not even Jack Nicklaus can outdrive Jim Dent, who wishes the rest of his game was smashing, too

He's really a big shot

When he was 17 Dent left Augusta. Even though he had several college football scholarship offers, he felt his future was elsewhere. He told Emerson Boccer, a high school teammate, "While you're going to college, I'll be workin'. I'll be so far ahead of you when you get out, you'll never catch up." The two still chuckle over that. "I see Emerson every once in a while, and he's always got that Super Bowl ring on," says Dent.

Dent worked nights in Atlantic City, N.J. as a busboy and waiter, and played golf during the day. "My ambition was to get to Los Angeles," he remembers. "One day I got up, and it was just a beau-

continues



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GOLF continued

tiful morning. The sun was shining. It was warm. I said, 'This is it.' I went down and gave my boss two weeks' notice, and I was on my way to L.A. Out there I played golf every day, worked nights, and I heard about this real-estate man named Mose Stevens. They said he helped out young golfers. So I looked him up."

Stevens decided Dent had potential, and still is his sponsor. During his early days as a pro, Dent would practice in the mornings, play in the afternoons and practice some more at a lighted par-3 course at night. He played the United Golf Association tour during the summer, the same black tour that spawned Lee Elder. "Lee was tops in those days," says Dent. "We would get what was left over. It was like we were playing for second all the time. I think one year he won 21 out of 23 tournaments. I used to read the papers about the big tour. You'd see people shooting 75-76-78, and you'd say to yourself, 'Hey, that is easy. I can do that.' And then I found out how easy it wasn't."

Flustered and perplexed, Dent missed qualifying in his first two attempts to get his PGA player's card. In his first try at Palm Beach (Fla.) Gardens in 1968 he shot an 87 in the third round. He was not used to a course with so many sand traps. "It was like getting out of high school and going to college," he says.

Obviously, his background has handicapped him. At 32 he is still learning the game. Says his wife Brenda, "Sometimes I like to think what Jim Dent would have done if he would have had the good clubs and the places to play and the instruction that almost everyone else on the pro tour had. I think what we are hoping for, winning, would already be in our past."

Brenda is a former schoolteacher. As much as anything, she serves as her husband's positive side. Dent is easily dejected on the course, given to bickering with an unmannerly gallery or turning sullen after a poor shot. All those missed wedge shots can build frustration. Brenda prefers to recall the day her husband finished in a tie for second at the Disney World, shooting a 71 in the final round "at might have been good enough to win if Nicklaus had not shot a 64." "Jim looked so much like a winner that day," she says. "In the way he walked, in the way he played, everything. He looked just like Nicklaus." Listening, Jim Dent nodded his head in agreement. "Like a winner. That's what it's about."

END

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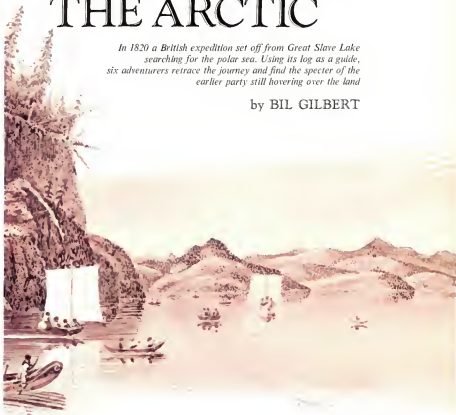
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HAUNTING THE ARCTIC

In 1820 a British expedition set off from Great Slave Lake searching for the polar sea. Using its log as a guide, six adventurers retrace the journey and find the specter of the earlier party still hovering over the land

by BIL GILBERT



CONTINUED

John Franklin was born in 1786 in Lincolnshire. He fought at Trafalgar, Copenhagen and New Orleans; was commissioned a captain in the Royal Navy; appointed governor of Tasmania; and knighted by George IV. He died on the polar ice pack, in the summer of 1847, having led three expeditions to the Arctic. Franklin is remembered because of these explorations, his name appearing on maps affixed to heights of land, bodies of water and lonely outposts.

Between 1819 and 1827 he commanded two separate parties that between them traversed a thousand hard, virgin, overland miles between Great Slave Lake and the Arctic Ocean, and on the ocean paddled canoes and sailed small boats, plotting the first maps along 1,800 miles of coastline between Beechey Point, in what is now Alaska, and Bathurst Inlet on the central Arctic coast. In the 1840s Franklin was principally responsible (by his own efforts and by those of the men who set out to rescue him) for the discovery of the Northwest Passage, the possible existence of which had driven bold men north for five centuries.

In comparison with other large figures of North American exploration—Coronado, Hudson, La Salle, Lewis and Clark, Mackenzie—John Franklin was personally rather commonplace. He was not a man of exceptional strength or stamina, scientific training or wilderness wit. His men did not seem to follow him out of great love nor be driven by fear and hate of him. He was a nagger. There was a fussy, even priggish, streak in his character. What John Franklin was above all else was the archetypal 19th-century British gentleman-adventurer. His accomplishments stand as a monument to the power of persistence, the efficacy of muddling through.

Today a person contemplating a trip between St. Louis and Portland, Ore. would be unlikely to dig out the Lewis and Clark journals to facilitate planning. However, if one wishes to journey overland from Great Slave Lake to the Arctic Ocean it makes good sense to turn to John Franklin's *Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea in the Years 1819, 20, 21 and 22*. It is one of the few published volumes dealing with this area. Also, because the central Arctic has changed so little in the past 150 years, the *Narrative* still contains much pertinent information.

It was for this reason that in the summer of 1973 six of us, having decided to head north, came to John Franklin. (The six were: Dick, John, Ky, Sam, Terry—all in their early 20s—and Bud, twice 20 and then some.) In the beginning we went to the *Narrative* for information on water conditions, portages, weather and food foraging. The decision to retrace Franklin's route as closely as possible followed. When the planning and reading were finished and we were deep in the same fast water, muskeg and fly clouds Franklin had been in, our association with him and his men took a surprisingly intimate turn. We began to understand the Franklin party, its triumphs and frustrations,

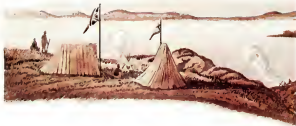
aches, pains and pleasures, not just in our heads but in our hides and stomachs. Keeping up with Franklin became a compulsive, competitive objective. In certain peculiar moments it seemed almost as if he and his people were just ahead of us in time and space, that if we could sustain an extraordinary effort we might catch up to them at the next portage.

Franklin left England for the polar sea on May 23, 1819 and did not return for 42 months. His expedition was sponsored by the Admiralty and the Royal Geographical Society. His orders were to get himself to the north shore of Great Slave Lake, which was then on the rim of the known world. From there he was to proceed north, hoping to strike the Arctic Ocean at the mouth of the Coppermine River. He was then to explore eastward along the shoreline, record the latitude and longitude of "every remarkable spot," take temperature readings three times a day and make general observations.

Franklin was assigned three officers: Dr. John Richardson, a surgeon who was also the chief naturalist, and two midshipmen, George Buck and Robert Hood. He was to employ guides, interpreters and other men when needed and where he could find them. In the main he was to depend for his provisions on the Hudson's Bay and North West companies, the trading monopolies that maintained outposts across northern Canada.

Franklin and his party arrived on Aug. 30 at York Factory, then the great fur depot on the southwest coast of Hudson Bay. From there, traveling as everyone did in that time and place, by canoe, the group set off for the interior, following the fur-trade route. In late October it was caught by the freeze and wintered at a post on the lower Saskatchewan River. The next June, after the ice broke, the men continued north and reached Fort Providence on the north shore of Great Slave Lake at the end of July. Fort Providence was some 1,900 miles from York Factory but, since existing canoe-trade routes were followed, the trip was considered something of a milk run.

Even if the canoe roads of the fur empire could be found, other considerations did not permit us to paddle from Hudson Bay to Great Slave. With two rather than 42 months available, the best we could do was pick up Franklin's 153-year-old trail at the mouth of the Yellowknife River. We traveled to this rendezvous as it is customary to travel in North America during the summer months—by highway and van. There were certain hardships and annoyances, venial mechanics, exhaust fumes and greasy roadside food, but this trip, too, was a milk run.



When Franklin arrived in July 1820, Fort Providence was the most northerly outpost of the fur trade, sitting on the edge of some of the most inhospitable land in the world. The country to the north is covered by glacier-tortured slabs, dikes and ridges of rock, some rising 1,500 feet above sea level, and by cold, deep waters trapped in basins of rock. Between the water and the rock there is little proper soil, only pockets of glacial sand and muskeg, which floats on top of the permafrost. Surface water is plentiful because drainage is poor and the temperatures are so low there is little evaporation. The rainfall is light, about five inches a year, the same as that in the Arizona desert. This Arctic land is one of the coldest places in the world. The mean (in both senses) January temperature is -17° , and -50° readings can be expected occasionally.

In places, black spruce, white birch, alder and willow grimly hang on to the rocks. The forest is scraggly and grows slowly. After a few hundred miles the trees give way to the Barren Lands. With the exception of migratory species such as waterfowl and caribou, which escape in the worst parts of the year, warm-blooded creatures hang on precariously.

Fort Providence was built with the notion of establishing a trade with the Dog Rib Indians to the northwest of the lake and the Copper Indians to the northeast. These peo-

ples, perhaps numbering 3,000, were among the poorest on earth. The coming of the traders failed to uplift them. Furbearers were not plentiful in their country and the Indians were not skilled or energetic trappers. A few years after Franklin passed by, Fort Providence was mercifully abandoned. In time, however, gold was discovered in the area and the mining camp evolved into the city of Yellowknife. Yellowknife is now the metropolis of the sub-Arctic, being the capital of Canada's Northwest Territories, a vast tract roughly a third the size of the United States but inhabited by only 37,000 people, a fifth of whom live in the capital. The city, like any busy civilized place, now has traffic problems, dope dealers and Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Yet there is a fundamental similarity between Fort Providence and Yellowknife. The former was and the latter is the end of all roads. In Franklin's day, the established canoe trails that extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific went no farther north than Fort Providence. In our day the even more intricate web of roads that connects the Garden State Parkway to the Santa Monica Freeway and makes everything in between a segment of the same system dwindles and funnels into one road in northern Alberta. This is a shallow gravel pit called the Mackenzie Highway. It crosses the Mackenzie River (by ferry in the summer, on ice in the winter), skirts the northwestern shore of Great Slave Lake and extends to Yellowknife. It seems, considering the significance, that where the highway stops there should be a memorial, a fancy arch or at least a bronze plaque suitably inscribed. Perhaps *HERE IS WHERE ALL ROADS END*. In fact, the Mackenzie peters out in a cluster of picnic tables and rustic toilets at a campground a few miles beyond Yellowknife.

Upon reaching such a dead end, a man might be expected to make local inquiries. Arriving at Fort Providence, Franklin got in touch with a Copper Indian chief, Akaitcho, who led a band of 50. By any standards Akaitcho was a good man and, considering the stock and place from which he came, an extraordinary man, "evinced," as Franklin wrote, "much penetration and intelligence."

Drastically edited, the discussions between the two men went more or less as follows. Akaitcho said that he had heard rumors that Franklin was a great medicine man who could restore the dead to life; if so, he was honored to meet a man of such rare and useful talents. Franklin replied that the rumors were untrue, that he was an explorer anxious to find his way to the mouth of the Coppermine River. Akaitcho inquired as to the nature of the exploring business. Franklin delivered an involved lecture on the power and glory of curiosity, saying he had come "to make discoveries for their [the Indians'] benefit as well as that of every other people." Akaitcho picked up on the idea and said that he could see how exploring might be amusing. Franklin noted that since he did not know how to get to the Coppermine he would be delighted if Akaitcho and some of his people would guide him. Unfortunately his, Franklin's, party was critically short of provisions and if the Indians came along they would have to feed themselves and help feed the whites. By way of compensation, Franklin would give the Indians red cloth, a few pocket knives, 10 obsolete muskets and a keg of weak rum. Also he would see to it that Akaitcho's outstanding debts at Fort Providence were paid.

continued



Akaiatche mulled over the proposition, very likely considering the fact that it was as hard to live in one place as another in his bighted country and finally said, yes, that he and all his party "would attend Franklin to the end of his journey and do their utmost to provide them with the means of subsistence."

There are now many Indians around Yellowknife, more than there were at Fort Providence in 1820. However, with few exceptions they are not bush but barroom Indians and there is little point in going to them for advice on how to get about in their ancient homeland. White bush expertise, never extensive, has also declined, particularly since the advent of the airplane, which makes it possible to drop down out of the sky after breakfast, fish or prospect and be back in Yellowknife for dinner. In consequence, what intelligence was available to the six of us tended to be secondhand. The most practical advice was offered by a woman who said that Adolph's Meat Tenderizer is a good thing for easing the discomfort of mosquito bites. It is. Another woman, with whom a junior member of the expedition became acquainted, told us that should we reach the village at the mouth of the Coppermine we would find a man there in possession of two pounds of good hash. A sergeant of the Royal Mounted Police made notes on our proposed route, the color of our tents and the addresses of our next of kin, in case search-and-rescue operations became necessary.

Franklin started north by going up the Yellowknife River, which the Indians called the Begholodessy. The Yellowknife is not a conventional stream but a 150-mile-long string of bogs, ponds and lakes connected by channels. Where the Yellowknife widens to lake size there is no discernible movement of the water, but there is a great deal of current—and worse—in the connecting links. When a 10-by-three-mile, 200-foot-deep lake, of which there are many, pours out of its rock basin into the lake below, there are cataracts and falls. Sometimes it is possible to paddle partway up these channels, but eventually it is necessary to get out and either wade, dragging canoes by ropes through the rapids, or land and portage the boats to calmer water.

From Great Slave going north there is a short stretch of true river, a moderate series of rapids and the first of the big interior lakes, Lake Prosperous, so named by Franklin. Prosperous is seven miles long, a mile or so wide, studded with rocky islands and bordered by cliffs and crags that are lightly covered with spruce and birch. Franklin got to Lake Prosperous in early August with his English officers, 20 Canadian voyageurs and interpreters and three women brought along to mend, cook and what have you. They traveled in three 32-foot canoes and were accompanied by 17 Indian canoes.

The day of Franklin's arrival was

clear and balmy, with the temperature in the mid-60s and fleecy white clouds floating overhead, according to a pastoral sketch made by Robert Hood, who shared with George Buck the job of expedition artist. Of the first day out, Franklin wrote in the *Narrative*, "We were all in high spirits being heartily glad that the time had at length arrived when our course was to be directed towards the Coppermine River, and through a line of country which had not been previously visited by any European."

There comes a time in any such enterprise when for better or worse the die is indisputably cast, when it is no longer necessary to explain motives and plans to well-wishers. Like Franklin, we were glad to have come to the casting-off point.

The first major portage on the Yellowknife comes at the head of Lake Prosperous. It involves a 100-foot climb and a three-quarter-mile carry around a series of cascades that flow out of Bluefish Lake to the north. The logistics of any portage are simple and so is the work, simple horse work. In our case we had, in the beginning, 1,200 pounds of gear (eating and use reduced this as the summer progressed). This meant that each of the six of us had to make two round trips at each portage, for there were nine 130- to 140-pound pack loads and three 17-foot aluminum canoes. All of which had been calculated in the abstract. However, no matter how extensive and cunning the preplanning, there comes a time when truth—what sacks will mate nicely on a pack board, which ones will remain forever incompatible no matter how lashed or cursed—can only be found by thrashing around in the water, mud and rocks.

The portage out of Lake Prosperous was exhausting and frazzling, because by nature this is a hard carry, because it was our first, because we were not yet familiar with hauling our gear and because it was here that we first experienced the curse of the North, bugs. Exaggerating insect power above the 50th parallel is impossible. In the short summer season, midges, black-flies, deerflies, moose flies and mosquitoes hatch out in the billions. Outnumbering their potential victims and food sources as they do, each member of the predatory armada seems to be in a kind of blood frenzy. They probe, puncture, wound, choke, poison the body and weaken the mind. When a man goes down alone, unprotected in the bush, they can kill, sucking out his life drop by drop.

Consider Midshipman Hood's description in the *Narrative* after a bad bug day: "The horse-fly ranged in the hottest glare of the sun, and carried off pieces of flesh at each attack . . . the smallest, but not the least formidable was the sand-fly. . . . The food of the musquito is blood, which it can extract by piercing the hide of a buffalo. . . . The wound does not swell like that of the African musquito, but



it is infinitely more painful and when multiplied a hundred fold, and continued for so many successive days, it becomes an evil of such magnitude, that cold, famine, and every other concomitant of an inhospitable climate, must yield the pre-eminence to it. . . . The mosquitoes swarmed under our blankets, goring us with their venomous trunks, and steeping our clothes in blood. We rose at day-light in a fever, and our misery was unmitigated.¹⁹

An important technical advance between Franklin's day and ours was the development of good mosquito bar and better, if by no means perfect, insect repellents. The ability of Franklin's people to keep going, vulnerable as they were to the bugs, impressed us more than any other of their physical accomplishments.

The Lake Prosperous portage was average so far as bugs were concerned. From Prosperous the carry is up over a rocky ridge, then down for half a mile to Bluefish through heavy thickets of birch and patches of muskeg. Between the ridgeline and Bluefish the insects are ferocious. Grand armies of mosquitoes and deerflies, stiffened by a few heavy divisions of house flies, were on duty the day we passed. When purchased in Pennsylvania, a beekeeper's head net seemed a curious, even comical, item. In the bush between Prosperous and Bluefish a man will fling off a 130-pound pack that he has laboriously raised, tear open the lashings and paw wildly through his possessions searching for the head net. At that moment it seems a more useful invention than smokeless powder, the combustion engine or soda pop. Nothing yet devised totally defeats northern bugs, but a head net filters them and keeps them from mauling hair and beards and clogging eyes, nostrils and throats.

We camped the first night, as we would on many nights, where Franklin had camped before us. The choice was not made for the sake of historical high fidelity but was dictated by environmental imperatives. Anyone but a fool or a masochist coming out of the Prosperous-Bluefish portage late in the day would camp where Franklin did—on a flat rocky island. The place is convenient as a loading and unloading spot but, more important, it is half a mile out in the lake and has hardly any vegetation and therefore as few bugs as anywhere in this country.

Bugs are tolerable, if not absent, on such islands, on bare, rocky points jutting into water and on the sandy hills called eskers. Because these areas are clear of brush and open to the wind, large clouds of bugs are discouraged from hanging around to suck blood. Fortunately, such sanctuaries are not uncommon. In the course of a day's travel one finds half a dozen fine camping sites. There will be a sloping shelf of rock at the water's edge, handy for loading, unloading and washing and, higher up, wide flat ledges thickly upholstered with reindeer moss, for sleeping. There is bone-dry driftwood broken into suitable lengths on the beaches and resinous birch bark everywhere. Beyond and about everything else is water. When we left the north at the end of our travels the thing we missed most was being able to bend down anywhere and scoop up a drink of clear 40° water. Not only is the water good (for everything but bathing, being so cold that a few minutes' immersion begins to cramp muscles and collapse lungs), it is beautiful. Its splendor, lying in crystalline pools, gushing around rock in cascades and upwelling currents, effervescing with clouds of foam

and bubbles, often makes up for the fatigue of wading through it carrying and dragging loads.

The other abundant resource of the country is fish. At the first camp on the rocky island, Sam took out one of the telescoping spinning rods we had brought along to see if the parts were all present and working. On his second cast he reeled in a 10-pound pike. He repeated the performance and then turned the rod over to others. Even on nonproductive casts, large torpedolike shapes, often several at a time, would rise out of the deep water and track the lure toward the island. Although we were at best indifferent fishermen, in an hour we took enough pike for three meals for the six of us and perhaps a week's food for a mink family, a female and two kits who lived on the island and kept busy dragging fish heads and guts into their cave.

As we traveled north we could generally get fish when we wanted them, though not always. There were certain lakes either without fish or inhabited by ones cleverer than we—not necessarily a compliment considering our angling deficiencies. In the large lakes and river channels, pike and lake trout up to 35 pounds were common. However, hauling these hunkers out of the water, slaughtering and dressing them is hard work. From our standpoint the most admirable Arctic fish were grayling, weighing two or three pounds, with a large, fanlike dorsal fin and iridescent hide that flashed with blues, golds, greens, reds. They resembled large Siamese fighting fish. Not only were they attractive but, as agnost sporting friends were later to tell us, grayling are among the gamiest of freshwater fish. We learned nothing about this since it was our custom to yank them out of the water on the same sort of line, and with much the same technique, as we used for 35-pound pike.

Franklin's party ate less fish than we did. At times and in places, comparing our observations with the notes of the earlier party, there seemed to be more fish in 1973 than 1820. Franklin's problem was not a lack of fish but an excess of fish eaters. Counting Akaitcho and his people, the party sometimes numbered 80. George Buck, the midshipman, had packed a fly rod, but this was essentially a toy for amusing and amazing the Indians. The expedition also had gill nets, but they are the devil's own work to carry and set and as a rule were used only at long layovers. Most of the time the Franklin party had no fish or only a few seraps that the men scrambled for like starving cats.

In any enterprise that involves living and traveling where there are no settlements, no supply depots and no agriculture, the concern that dwarfs all others is eating. There are two ways to cope—bring food with you or forage. Neither method is entirely satisfactory, which is why the bulk of the world's population is found in settled districts that support agriculture and commerce. The disadvantage of carrying food is just that—it must be carried, picked up, put down, endlessly lashed and lugged. Foraged food does not have to be carried far (though foraging tools, guns, ammunition and nets do), but one way or another it must be hunted. Hunting takes time, energy (food) and is chancy.

The six of us brought food for six weeks, a bit over two pounds per man per day, rations that fortunately were bulked out by fish, blueberries, raspberries and squawberries. Except for some jugs of honey, peanut butter and oil, the provisions were dry in the interest of saving weight—

continued

rice, noodles, wheat, soybeans, corn flour, nuts, raisins, powdered juices, milk, tea and salt.

In the beginning, Franklin apparently intended to do as we had done, that is, carry most of his supplies. However, he found that commodities that could be casually ordered in memos written in London simply did not exist in the Canadian bush. Also the fur companies tended to regard newcomers from Europe, no matter what their credentials, as fools, fops and glory hunters and were not overly eager to share supplies with them. Therefore, when Franklin left Fort Providence he was badly underprovisioned. He had with him two casks of flour, 200 caribou tongues, a little dried moose, two cases of chocolate, two canteens of tea, some dried soup and arrowroot—all of which amounted to only 10 days' worth of food for a party that was setting off for no one knew how many months in the wilderness. Franklin expected to overcome these obvious deficiencies by employing Akaitcho and his men as hunters.

The Indians had lived, after a fashion, off this land for many years, but they were few in number and survived by going to good food places (productive fishing holes or spots passed by migrating caribou herds), staying there and spending nearly all their waking moments collecting food. Franklin expected the Indians not only to continue to feed themselves but to find food for 30 extra mouths. At the same time the party was to spend 14 hours or so a day in the non-productive (so far as food was concerned) labor of exploration. Akaitcho and his hunters gave it a try but the land simply did not produce sufficient food to support such an enterprise in any sort of comfort.

The food Franklin brought from Fort Providence did not last 10 days, but six. During the next 20 months there probably were not 20 days when the party was not hungry. The men occasionally went foodless for two or three days. They often ate rock tripe, a large, ugly-looking lichen that can be boiled into an unappetizing, non-nutritional stew that fills the stomach to the gagging point. They ate carrion, boiled old bones, pack thongs, their boots and moccasins. Even so, their travel-by-hunger technique was not completely successful. Four of the party starved to death and the deaths of others were hastened by malnutrition.

It would be presumptuous to suggest that in our five weeks on their trail we suffered as Franklin's men did, but we had a kind of introduction to hunger sufficient to be able to sympathize with the Franklin expedition. Our workday was 12 or 14 hours long. We began it with a cup of dehydrated juice, a cup of tea, a cup of some sort of flour mush. At midday there was a cup of soup, one hardtack cracker, half a handful of nuts, raisins and sunflower seeds. At night we filled a two-gallon pot with rice, noodles, fish and whatever else we had come across, boiled the mess and licked the pot clean.

Sam is 6'6", 240 pounds, and he was a workhorse, the one forever taking the extra pack, making the extra portage trip. In more hospitable places he is a notable feeder, a national-class junk-food eater. "I am not exactly hungry," he said after a clean-the-pot feed, "but I am not what I would call full." On such a diet, doing such work for five weeks, Sam became a tall, gaunt man, ending up 35 pounds lighter than he began.

We knew that we ate better than Franklin and his men

had and thought that for that reason, and because of our age and general condition, we were at least as strong as the men we were following. It seemed that we worked as hard, as long and as effectively as they did. But we slowly, steadily lost ground to Franklin. We would work until 10 at night, paddle four lakes, make five portages and find when we looked at the *Narrative* that Franklin had taken his cumbersome, furnished group two lakes and a cascade beyond us.

There were technical reasons for the greater speed of the earlier travelers. Our aluminum canoes handled better in fast water and were more durable than the birch-bark ones Franklin used. However, in flat lake water, especially going into the wind, the freighter canoes, paddled by a dozen men, went twice as fast as our two-man craft. It was simply a matter of manpower.

More important, Franklin, even though he was the first to travel in these parts, went faster because he had a better idea of where he was going each day. As guides we used the *Narrative* and a set of topographic maps. Often we had to stop and thrash about to find clear portage trails. Franklin was spared much of this work and delay because he had with him living topo maps in the persons of Akaitcho and his hunters. In many cases the Indians knew where the trail led because they had hunted or trapped in the country. In new territory, the hunters often worked several days ahead of the main party and had marked the best portage by the time Franklin came up with the heavy freight.

There was another, essentially metaphysical, factor that cannot be translated into miles per day but that probably worked to our disadvantage. Toward the end Sam's throat became badly infected, closed to the point that he could not eat solid food. He was shaky, beset by hallucinations and would find himself struggling to keep up with a weirdly mixed portage party of us, Franklin's men and hands from the Pennsylvania farm where he worked. One morning about two o'clock, sitting watching the twilight and dawn mingle over the water, he whispered painfully, "On top of the rest I had a revelation."

"Aha."

"I thought it was food I was craving—cheeseburgers, milk shakes, pizzas, all that. But I just figured it out. It isn't food. I want freedom."

"Aha."

"I mean, we've been like parts of a machine. You can't do anything on your own because then everything breaks down. Everything we do has got to be done if we are to keep going. What I'm really craving is to be a free agent. The food was an excuse."

"It's the great freedom symbol. People bitch about the food in prison, in the Army, in dorms. It isn't that it is so bad, it's because they have no choice about what or when or where. If you have to eat by the numbers you know you're trapped."

"Maybe. My revelation didn't go that far," Sam said.

"But if I ever get back to Yellowknife, I'm going to buy all the food I can carry and get a room in that hotel and sit there and eat it all alone. I don't want any of you people in my movie for a couple of days."

In 1820 the lives of Franklin's voyageurs and Indians, the men who did the work and enduring, were ordinarily

continued

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ARCTIC *continued*

short and brutal. The hardships of the polar expedition were only marginally more severe than those the men experienced routinely. A few times a year they might get a square meal. Otherwise they expected to be hungry, cold, exhausted, to be bent under a pack or over a paddle by another man's command and to function like a part of a mindless machine until they broke down like a machine part.

The difference was not so much that our bodies and minds had degenerated significantly. It was that during the intervening 150 years the level of comfort and human expectations had changed. Too many soft sheens lay between Sam and Akatcho. We were plagued by questions of why—by trying to find some lesson in the ordeal. Such speculation gnawed at our minds and bodies.

The fastening came to a head at Nine Lakes. A hundred miles north of Great Slave, the Yellowknife narrows as it approaches its sources. It enters a 20-mile-long gorge, up which, Akatcho advised Franklin, it was impossible to paddle and dreadfully difficult even to drag canoes. The way to get around the obstacle, said Akatcho, was to make a 2½-day portage through a string of nine small lakes parallel to and west of the gorge. Accepting this advice, Franklin wrote of the first day in the Nine Lakes: "We crossed five portages, passing over a very bad road. The men were quite exhausted with fatigue by 5 p.m., when we were obliged to camp."

"We are in trouble," said Terry, who is a pragmatist and had begun to learn that Franklin was inclined to treat portages casually, very likely because he did so little work on them. "We are the men he is talking about," Terry said, getting to the heart of the matter.

Nearly all the components of a difficult portage are to be found in the Nine Lakes portage. The trail is indeed bad. The small lakes are separated by sharp, steep ridges of rock that must be climbed. Between the ridges are swales of muskeg, full of hidden potholes of icy water and permafrost. Finally the term Nine Lakes is a figurative one. Franklin happened to use Nine Lakes but, in fact, there are some 20 bodies of water jammed together in a bewildering maze. We spent six hours cutting a mile-long trail through the Arctic jungle to what we thought was the first portage lake. When we had made the carry to it and sat down to puzzle out the next move we found that we had miscalculated our compass declension and had to cut another half-mile of trail to get back to where we belonged. On the third day a howling wind and rainstorm came out of the north, pinning us to the shore of a lake, across which it would have been suicidal to paddle. By and by the wind abated but remained a head wind of the sort against which a mile in an hour is very good, if hard, progress.

The carry back to the river was torturous, beginning in the muskeg, dropping down over the wall of the gorge across ledges and loose scree. Coming back for their second trip, Sam and Bil sat to brood for a time before picking up their respective canoes.

"I have been thinking about something today."

"Good."

"I have been wondering if I am having any fun."

"Are you?"

"I don't think so. I think we are hung up with an idea like a segregationist or religious fanatic. We are killing

ourselves trying to act out this movie—*After Franklin*."

"To me the fun is that we are seeing some country and doing some things that few people have ever seen or done. The work is how we are paying. If you want to see Yellowstone or Tahiti you pay to go there with money but so can anyone who has money. The only way you can pay to get here is by half killing yourself. That is why we haven't seen anybody in a month. The price is too high. Makes you feel rich."

"But that's what I mean. We're paying but we're not collecting. I've been thinking about this trip for two years, ever since we spread out those maps on your kitchen floor. But we really aren't seeing anything or getting to know anything. At night when we stop I think I should go off and look at the scenery, or find an animal, or think about the meaning of it all, but I'm too tired and hungry to do anything but eat and sleep. We get up in the morning and do it again. Mostly what I see is the underside of this canoe. You probably think I am a baby, but that is how it is for all of us, even you."

"Let's go on a few days. We'll think about it."

We earned out of the Yellowknife gorge into a pair of connected lakes, the Carps. The weather cleared, calmed and warmed. That afternoon we came to a flat, parklike island set with small clumps of birch and spruce, arranged as if they had been placed in an ornamental design. There was a landing cove on the sheltered side of the island. We could not pass this place.

Coming out of the brutal Nine Lakes, Franklin also had stopped on the Carps for much the same reason and in much the same mood: "We determined on halting for a day or two to recruit our men of whom three were lame and several others had swelling legs."

On Carp Island we slept late, splurged a little on food, sunbathed on a rock deck, pattered away at small, easy chores—washing clothes, mending boots and a leaky canoe, splicing ropes. We built an artful fireplace, fished for fun, went off in empty canoes to sight-see in the adjacent country, spent an afternoon lying on a sandy ridge watching a moose cow and calf feeding in a pond below, came upon a grizzly and her cub in the berry bushes and a pair of courting martens.

In the course of things Terry, our camp man, cataloged our remaining provisions. We had food left for 2½ weeks. (We had then been out three weeks. Franklin had covered the same 120 miles in 10 days.) Seven days to the north, at Franklin's pace, were the remains of Fort Enterprise, the collection of cabins the Franklin party had built and in which it had spent the winter of 1820-21. From Fort Enterprise Franklin had taken another 34 days to reach the polar sea. The distance was 334 miles, of which 117 were portage miles. Clearly we had neither the provisions nor time to reach the ocean before the freeze. By pushing on as we had been, we could get to Fort Enterprise and duplicate in the summer of 1973 Franklin's travels in the summer of 1820. However, on Carp Island we did not think very seriously about going on to Enterprise. Sam had spoken the truth. We had not come to discover the polar sea, extend the limits of geographical knowledge or the realm of the king. Those heavy things had been done at the proper time by the proper men. We had come for light reasons, sensual

ones, to see and enjoy an unusual place. Somehow we had lost our way and been caught up in an obsession, which was steadily drying up our sense and senses. In trying to travel with ghosts we had fallen into bad company.

The three easy days on Carp Island were like waking on a sunny morning after a frightening dream. There we parted with John Franklin. He and his lame and starving men drove on to the north. We turned and drifted south.

"We have plenty of food now. We know the portages. We're not going to rush back so you people can eat cheeseburgers in Yellowknife. We'll mosey along, stop when we want, look around."

"That's good, but we are not going back through the Nine Lakes. We'll walk out or live here but there is no way we are going back in there. What about running the gorge?"

"We don't know anything about it. Maybe we can run it, but maybe if it narrows down we'll come to a place where we can't go ahead because of the water and where the walls are too steep to climb. We'd have to drag the canoes back upstream and then still do the Nine Lakes."

"Let's take the chance."

It could have been a very bad road, but it was not. In fact, and this may have been the original discovery of the expedition, the 25-mile Yellowknife gorge is an extraordinary place to paddle a canoe. The water is fast and a good paddler in a covered canoe without much gear could go through the gorge in a day, if he were foolish enough to race along at such a clip. We took three days, a week would have been better.

We paddled for a time between 500-foot cliffs of dawn-pink rocks mottled with big rosettes of sea-green and black lichens. The sun was bright, making the chop of the current glitter as far ahead as we could see. High on the east cliff an adult bald eagle sat taking the sun, watching us from the rim of her bulky nest. From west to east a moose swam across the sparkling water. For good measure a perfect double rainbow arched across the gorge.

"Damn," said Sam. "Walt Disney has been here."

"My heart soars like an eagle," said John, one of the last surviving men who can say such a thing without being thrown overboard.

One afternoon Bil was working ahead, looking for a carry around a quarter mile of cascades. He came out on a wide place in the river, a little lagoon. There was a strip of gravelly beach leading back through scrub willow to the base of the cliff. In the brush there was movement, a glimpse of white. He stopped and watched. First one, then a second, finally five wolf pups—plump, cream-colored, a month or so old—came tumbling down on the beach, wagging and twitching in an ecstasy of curiosity and doubt. Bil eased out of sight, waved for the others to come quickly but very quietly. They did and found the pups still playing on the beach. While the pups watched, camp was set up on the far side of the lagoon. Sometime that night the pack adults who had been foraging returned and took the pups upstream, then sat and began to sing, making wolf music until daylight.

The water in the gorge is moderately fast. There are some sporty, tricky stretches of rapids and cascades but more formidable white water is to be found within a hundred miles of New York City. There are different, more con-

stant, problems on this river than failing to execute some technical maneuver. There is danger simply because the total environment is so inhospitable. In a place where there is no help to be had, where travel is so slow and difficult, food so scarce, weather chancy, a sprained ankle, an ax gash, even getting lost for a few days, can be a true catastrophe. This is no place to come looking for thrills, for hard country almost inevitably kills a thrill seeker.

For these reasons we often went around rapids that at other times and in other places we would have run without much hesitation. Here the water numbed too quickly and thoroughly to risk a capsize. A food bug lost on the Allagash or the Arkansas can be an inconvenience, but on the Yellowknife, where there is never quite enough of anything, it would be a disaster. We had spent the summer with these imperatives in mind, moving cautiously, but in the last days in the gorge, with the end in sight, we began to feel frisky and foolish.

A fine half mile of white water involved three traverses across the current, precise shots through narrow gaps in ledges. John and Bil thought it was the best run they had made during the summer. They shot out into a pool below the standing waves, both turned to wave at the canoes above and to let each other know how well they thought they had executed the run. As they turned and looked away, the canoe swung up on a rock, hung crosswise to the current for a moment, then capsized.

There is an initial moment at such times of sheer astonishment. Swiftly one senses this is not the moment for analysis and instant replay. The ice water is already beginning to burn and cramp. The canoe is rolling in the current like a sick shark, bits of gear are floating away. From above there is a yell. Terry and Ky are the best team of the group, probably the best paddlers in the Northwest Territories at that moment. Let them worry about the canoe and gear. Below the pool the rapids recommence. There is no telling how bad or easy they are or how long they run, but being caught in them, rolled through them, must absolutely be avoided. Trying to swim 50 yards directly across the pool at a right angle to the current is not smart. The best thing is to angle downstream, time it properly and hit the beach just before the pool empties into the rapids. It seems quite possible, but there is a last thought, not so much panic as reality. There is a chance that all the planning, all the horse work and antiquithness lectures will come to a halt in Stupidity Pool. But such musing does not help to get a body to a beach.

Ultimate satisfaction comes with knowing what you truly need and finding it—for example, a place where your foot can touch solid rock in an ice-water pool. Having found what is absolutely necessary, there is no need for further wishing and speculation. Everything else—crawling out, building a fire, drying clothes and gear, emptying the canoe, going on—will follow.

Beyond the gorge there is the lower river, still fine, wild country, traveled a month before but not seen so well because of running after ghosts. A mile above Great Slave, the Yellowknife passes under the extension of the Mackenzie Highway. As if it were a Florida causeway, there is an elderly man leaning on the bridge railing, taking the sun, fishing.

ARCTIC *continued*

"There it is, John, The Road."

"I'd never really thought you could go beyond The Road."

"Now you know. You've been there."

EPILOGUE

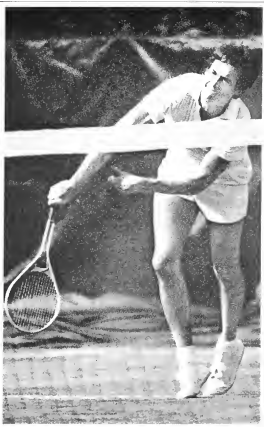
After wintering at Fort Enterprise, Franklin and his party proceeded northward, reaching the polar sea at the Coppermine on July 18, 1821. There the Indians and some of the voyageurs turned back, while Franklin and 19 men continued eastward for another 500 miles, sailing and paddling their canoes along the shore. They reached Bathurst Inlet in August. From there, because of storms, they had only one choice—to return to Enterprise by an overland route and proceed from there to Fort Providence. In the heart of the Barren Lands they were overtaken by winter. They went without food, were frostbitten and lost their way. They staggered westward. Seven men died of exposure and two of the bodies were cannibalized.

That any of the party survived was due largely to the exertions of Midshipman Back. With Franklin and the others on their last legs, Back pushed ahead through the winter and near the Carp Lakes found Akaitcho and sent back a sledge load of meat that saved his companions' lives. What was left of the expedition limped into Fort Providence in December 1821.

In the summer of 1845, then nearly 60 years old, Franklin returned to the Arctic in command of two vessels, hoping to solve once and for all the Northwest Passage puzzle. No one in the expedition returned. Fourteen years later, as a result of a massive and continuing search (which did discover the Northwest Passage), the fate of the men was confirmed. They had followed a freakishly open lead far into the ice pack. The lead closed and the ships remained locked in the ice for 2½ years. The weakened men finally set out to walk across the ice. They left their dead to the wolves and foxes along their route. Franklin himself died in June 1847, having carried—or having had carried—to the end his silver place setting. Finally, the 40 strongest did reach the mainland, but too late. They all died of starvation and exposure in the summer of 1848.

As for the 1973 expedition of six, our history since the retreat from the Carp Lakes has been unremarkable, our fates as yet unknown. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 24-30

OBSTACLE—The 55-foot stone & granite wall, crowned by China's King of Horses, Shao, was the winner of the 29th Newport-Barnstable youth race with a correct time of 2 days, 15 hours 59:56. Sumner A. Long's Chinse crowned the finish first in an elapsed time of 2 days, 20 hours 8:32, a new record, but lost up to 23 hours in the handicapping.

BOWLING—GARY DICKINSON of Fort Worth, Texas, rolled a 240 on Buckner's 240 in the final match of the \$55,000 Western Open in Portland, Ore. The victory, Dickinson's during the tour, was worth \$5,000.

GIRSES—A strong Russian squad led by Anatoly Karpov and Viktor Korchnoy, won the (Soviet/Russian) Chess and West, with Yugoslav second, the U.S. third and Bulgaria a close fourth. At the end of the tournament, world champion Bobby Fischer, who had stayed home, called that he was resigning his world championship because of the International Chess Federation's improper regulation of a one-year title match. The tournament gave him 90 days to reconsider his move.

GOLF—TOM WATSON overtook Tom Weiskopf with a birdie on 64 to win his first tour event, the \$250,000 Western Open at Bunker National Golf Club in Oak Brook, Ill. Watson finished at 267, while Weiskopf, who started in a final round 77, tied J.C. Snead for second at 285.

CAROLE BO SKALA won the \$60,000 Peter Jackson Ladies' Classic in Montreal with a final-round 64 for a 54-hole total of 207, 11 under par. Anne Caron was second, three strokes back.

HARNESS RACING—SAYORS (131-26), driven by Justice Arthur duRoi, Alton and Noble Duke, won the \$50,000 American Trotting Championship at Roosevelt Racetrack, covering the 1 1/4 miles in 2:24.

HORSE RACING—In a 1-2 finish for owners Calumet Racing and New Place Williams, ENGLIB PRINCE, bred Siam-Martinus, overtook Imperial Prince in the stretch at the Coughlin Racecourse at Dublin to win the 1 1/4-mile \$250,000 Irish Stewards Derby by a length and a half in 2:35.5. Siam-Martinus raced behind but was moved to fourth for disqualification. For Prince was awarded the show position.

AMBER HIRROD (521-50) ridden by Robin Patten, member of Native and Buckner's Career to ride the 115th renewal of the \$145,325 Queen's Plate, for Joyce-Edith, foaled in Canada, at Woodbine in Rexdale, Ont. Time for the 1 1/4 miles was 2:03 1/2.

GLADYS ARY (180-66), with Angel Scurra on board, won the first running of the \$150,000 Secretariat Stakes for 3-year-olds at Arlington Park, covering

the 1 1/4 miles over grass in 1:43 1/2. Secretariat was by English Buck in sireline and Tallulah Jane was third.

MOTOR SPORTS—Irish champ JOHNNY RUTHERFORD, in a McLaren-Daimler, raced to victory in the \$194,550 Schaefer 500 at Pennsylvania's Pocono International Raceway, averaging a record 136.5 mph around the 2 1/2-mile oval. Jimmy Casperson was second by a lip and third place went to Gordon Johncock, both driving Eagle-Oliverhouses.

SOCCER—Redshirt added something new this week, victory—and Senior David Fricker, who has scored in each of his last three games, may be the man. The Lakers that met both Miami and Washington 2-0 but remained in third place in the North-east Division, one point behind Toronto, which dropped both more 2-1, and first-place Beane, which trounced New York 3-0. New York lost another game, to Los Angeles 3-2, to stay in the cellar. Miami lost rival Baltimore 2-0 to drop over the Eastern Division lead ahead of Philadelphia, which got by Los Angeles 2-1 in the stretch of Defender Beane by Seattle's first goal of the year. Vancouver edged Philadelphia 1-0 in a tie breaker, but lost 2-1 to Washington. In other NASL games, Drexler dropped to Los Angeles 2-0 and Seattle won a 1st breaker against Dallas 2-0.

After two losses earlier in the second round, four teams were eliminated from World Cup contention. Argentina lost 4-0 to The Netherlands and 3-1 to Brazil. East Germany was beaten 1-0 by Brazil and 2-0 by The Netherlands. Sweden was defeated by Poland, 1-0, and West Germany 4-3, and Yugoslavia 2-0 in West Germany and 2-1 to Poland. The winners of West Germany vs. Poland and The Netherlands vs. Brazil, all with two wins going into the last games of the round, will meet in the finals.

SWIMMING—HEATHER GREENWOOD of Fresno, Calif., clipped 74 seconds from the women's world record in the 400-meter freestyle, winning the distance in 4:37.35 at the eighth annual Santa Clara (Calif.) International Invitational.

TRACK & FIELD—Eirene best and getting winds started the National Women's A&U championship in Lakeland, Calif., but certainly not yet set a new record. TIBBIA SAPFENTON equaled the world record in the 440 with a 57.2 effort. FALTY O'BRIEN successfully defended her 100-meter hurdles title, setting a new meet record of 1:32, and ANDREA BRUCE took the 400-meter freestyle hurdles in a new record 39.1. MARY DECK, FR broke new Robin Casperson to win the 100 in 2:05.2. KATHY SCHMIDT took the 400 with a time of 2:01.2 and MAREE SEIDEN won the 400 in 2:05.7, both for west records. JOY

HUNTLEY won the high jump 6'11" and MARTHA WATSON the long jump 24' 3/4".

Shoring surprising strength in the field and distance events, the U.S. women improved their 4:38.4 800-yard at Austin, Texas, for their second victory in the three-year history of the 1960-yard under competition. The American women won the 800-yard, 1,000-yard, 1,500-meter turn to cross as 82.64 advantage established by the Soviet women in Frank Pinesch at Manhattan, Kansas, and the Russian's protest against the turn, New York, with a record 1:26.1, while the University of Washington's Robert Egan was a surprise winner in the 1,500-yard with a 1:21.47 mark. Ohio State's Tom Lyons won the 1,500-yard to take the 1,500-yard in a record 1:29.15, while Eugene Beane, Calif., high school sophomore, Eric High won the 1,000 in 2:01.40. Ray Kendall and Ralph Smith, of Walnut Creek and Anaheim, Calif., came in 1-2 in the 1,500-meter in the 1,500-meter. Wayne Ingram of Washington, D.C., set a new women's 400-meter meet record of 1:31.01.

An international meet in Helsinki, world-record holder Eileen Beane was beaten in the 1,500-meter race by New Zealand's JOHN WALKER, whose winning time of 5:13.4 was the 10th fastest ever recorded in the event.

WRESTLING—AWARDED: To SAN ANTONIO, the 17th North American Soccer League franchise, which together with recently named Tampa will begin league play in 1975.

NAMED HUBBIE BROWN, 48, assistant coach of the NBA Milwaukee Bucks for the past two years, as head coach of the ABA Kentucky Colonels.

NAMED To finish the 1974 season as manager of the San Francisco Giants, WES WISTEN, who had been head scout. Wisten was a Giants catcher for 11 seasons when the team played in New York, and managed the Mets from 1965 to 1967. He replaced CHARLIE FEN, manager of the Los Angeles 1973, who resigned "for the good of the club," which in 1973, games out of first place in the NL West. Fox will assume Wisten's scouting duties.

NAMED To manage the California Angels, for a reported \$300,000 a year, DICK WILLIAMS, who played the Oakland A's to world championship in 1972 and 1973 and then accepted over differences with owner Charlie Finley. Williams played 10 years for the Angels, manager since 1973. The Angels were in last place in the AL West and had the worst record in the league.

DECEASED RICK STALL, 37, seven-time state and games veteran, died suddenly at the 1980 Nevada Valley Olympics, in a slight accident, in October, Switzerland.

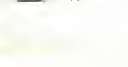
CREDITS

14, 15—John C. Ziemke; 16—James Doyle; 24, 25—Tom Stewart; 26—Ray DeCarlo; 44, 45—Mike Menden; 17, John Lacey; 48—James Doyle; 56—Ray DeCarlo; 63—Paul Albrecht; 50—James Doyle; 51—James Doyle.

FACES IN THE CROWD



BUOD RICE JR., a sophomore at Coker High in Seneca, Pa., appointed 100,000 participants in the Marine Corps' national Youth Physical Fitness Program. Rice scored 474 out of a possible 500 points and helped his school take the team trophy.



GIMDY MORAN, 15, of Beverly, Mass., captured all-around honors at the New England A&U senagymnastics competition, with firsts in the side-horse vault, uneven parallel bars, balance beam and floor exercises, putting her team to the division title.

MARK WILSON, 17, competing in the Fresno Kallies for Monica Vista High, Danville, Calif., cleared 7'11 1/2" in the high jump to better the national prep mark of 7'10 1/2" set in 1971 by Dwight Stones. A hopper, like Stones, Wilson's previous best had been 6'11".



LLOYD OSBORNE, 65, of Kahala, Hawaii, was all live freestyle events in the 65-69 age group at the National AAU Masters Short Course swimming championships in Fort Lauderdale, with records at 200, 300 and 1,500 yards, gaining "All-American" honors.



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SEEING REDS

Sir:

What does Sparky Anderson mean when he refers to the 1974 Dodgers as a "finesse team" (*Beware the Dudes in the Red Hats*, June 24)?

At last count, the Dodgers led the National League in practically every offensive category: home runs, team batting average, stolen bases (led with St. Louis), hits, sacrifice flies and, by far, runs scored.

Their pitchers lead the league in shutouts and ERA: three Dodgers have more RBIs than the Cincinnati leader, and in the current All-Star balloting, Dodgers' votes lead just about everywhere—or ought to. Red hats may very well be red faces come September.

DAN TOWNSEND

Malibu, Calif.

Sir:

Imagine! The Los Angeles Dodgers get off to their best start ever, hold a healthy 6½-game lead over the Reds, and SI has the gall

to publish an article that suggests that Cincinnati will finish first in the NL West! How presumptuous! How audacious!

But how accurate! The "Dudes in the Red Hats" will win it again this year.

JEROME SANDMAN

Cincinnati

SHOGAS-BORG

Sir:

Thank you for your fine article on one of the best athletes of any age in the world today (*So Young and So Untender*, June 24). Curry Kirkpatrick said it all in his brilliant piece on the young, bright, hard-hitting tennis star Bjorn Borg of Sweden.

STEVE BARRELL

Eaton Rapids, Mich.

Sir:

While Bjorn Borg may handle most situations with "aplomb," he handles others with a disturbing insensitivity and an altogether unhealthy arrogance. Not unlike those other two youthful darlings of the

tennis set, Chris Evert and Jimmy Connors, Borg seems to think the world revolves around his booming service and well-placed backhands. Such self-absorption brings out all too well the fact that although Borg plays tennis with men, he is still a very little boy.

PAUL GREAT

Green Bay

COURT SPORT

Sir:

Your article on racquetball was great (*The Game Plan Is to Avoid Getting Waffles*, June 17)—the best that you have ever done on court sports. However, I wish to correct one misconception. As Steve Scott's coach, I can attest to the fact that he is an excellent right-handed baseball pitcher. He plays handball with the right hand as dominant, swings a baseball bat from the right side, holds his fork in his left hand and cuts his steak with the right. His left forearm has an unusually large radial and ulnar bone formation, which gives Steve an advantage

If it takes more than a Jeep CJ-5...



over other players when performing strokes with that arm, especially the backhand.

The flailing you speak of in Steve's game is not flailing at all, but strokes that are the result of conscious endeavor and practice and understanding. At 18, Steve is just beginning to become a mature racquetball player. There's no doubt that he will become champion and reign for many, many years.

PHILIP SMITH

St. Louis

Sir:

I want to congratulate Curry Kirkpatrick on his fine coverage of and introduction to the sport of racquetball. I have been playing racquetball at college in West Virginia for three years. When people ask how I while away my idle hours after class and I reply racquetball, they look at me as if I have two heads. Maybe after reading this article people can now understand why I'm so excited about this tremendous sport. By the way, Peggy Steding might look like "the substitute waitress at a truck stop," but there's no way I ever want to step onto the same court with her!

L. ROBERT HALKOVICH

Parkersburg, W. Va.

RAD EGGS

Sir:

Your article on Professor Sibley and his egg collection (*The Case of the Absent Eggs*, June 24) illustrates beautifully the pathetic logic of too many Americans. Sibley's statement that "taking a few eggs" would not "endanger the survival of a species" is the same as someone saying, "My beer can or piece of paper on the roadside will not be noticed." This kind of thinking makes for a dreadfully littered country, and extinct species. Congratulations to Clive Gammon for exposing such "intelligence" in a respected university.

LAURA BURCH

Higley, Ariz.

METRIC Musing

Sir:

Conversion to the metric system in the U.S. is inevitable, and Charles Maher is to be commended for his efforts to translate everyday life into the metric system (SCORECARD, June 24). After all, 28,349,527 grams of prevention are worth 453.5924 grams of cure.

ROD PARRISH

Pensacola, Fla.

Sir:

Penny-wise and \$2.39-foolish. Sing a song of \$975¢, a pocket full of rye.

GILBERT SHWIN

Berkeley, Calif.

MOMENT OF GLORY

Sir:

Jim Kaplan should be charged with an error for a small mistake in BASEBALL'S WEEK (June 17). In the American League East, Boston is placed first ahead of Milwaukee. I think this should be reversed as follows: Milwaukee—28w-23l = .5490196 win percentage, Boston—29w-25l = .5370370 win percentage, thus giving the Brewers a .0119825 percentage point lead. Although Milwaukee will probably finish in or near the cellar, I feel the Brewers should be given their moment of glory. Please correct me if I am wrong.

JOHN TASKER

Lancashire, England

• You're right.—ED.

BOXLA

Sir:

I enjoyed Joe Jares' article (*Antila Gives His Approval*, June 3) about box lacrosse.

continued

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**"There's no
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SOMETIMES LETTERS JUST DON'T DO IT.



However, I feel I must set the record straight as to previous efforts to establish the game. In 1932 my father, Bernard A. Ruge, CCNY '01, and Irving Lydecker, All-America, Syracuse '22, teamed up and fielded the Boston Shamrocks in a newly formed box lacrosse league. Their home base was Fenway Park. I believe, and I recall watching a game against a New York team at the old Polo Grounds. The public did not take to the sport, in spite of its spectacular aspects, and the league folded during its very first season. However, it was box lacrosse, or "bosla," as the Canadians call it, and the players were all well-known American college stars.

My father inaugurated lacrosse at the Pawling (N.Y.) School (now Trinity-Pawling) in 1924, and in our second season (1925) we hit our peak by defeating the Army "B" squad at West Point. Immediately afterward, the school gave up the game, thinking it all a bit queer and being more dedicated to baseball, golf and track as proper spring activities. I note with some interest that Trinity-Pawling now plays lacrosse with a vengeance, and so do a lot of other prep schools. It is, in my opinion, a far better game for boys of 15 to 18 than football; the injuries, if any, are cuts and bruises, not broken legs or necks.

RAYMOND A. RUGE

Newburgh, N.Y.

FOOTSTEPS

Sir:

In the PEOPLE section of the June 17 issue, you said that Howard Twilley was going to open a shoe store named The Athlete's Foot. In Wisconsin, around the Oshkosh-Appleton area, there is at least one store bearing that name.

JOHN MCCART

Oak Park, Ill.

Sir:

I wish Howard Twilley the best of luck in his new venture. I also wish that I had received a bit of free advertising when I opened The Athlete's Foot, Inc. in Taylor, Mich. back in 1970. Since I was 23 at the time, I could have used all the goodwill available. At any rate, the idea isn't as novel as you might think.

ARIC MILLER

Taylor, Mich.

BRIDGE KINGS

Sir:

The title of your article on the latest Bermuda Bowl competition (*No Way To Beat the Blues*, June 10) sums it up right. North America's Aces are bound to win the world bridge championship again, but not until all of the Blues have retired for good.

DAVE FRY

Pittsburgh

continued



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NO FRILLS

Sir,

In your June 1 issue an item in SCORECARD asserted that Worcester Polytechnic Institute was the national collegiate champion in bowling. Permit me to set the record straight. There is no official national champion in bowling. However, every year the Association of College Unions-International hosts 15 regional tournaments. A total of 278 schools participated this year, but Worcester Polytechnic Institute did not enter the team event in its region, which was won by the University of Massachusetts.

However, as far as unofficial champions go, the University of Santa Clara should be selected. Its bowlers won the Region 15 tournament with a 3,015 total, the highest of any team in the country. Moreover, the fourth- and fifth-highest totals were compiled by Stanford and the University of California, Davis, two schools that Santa Clara defeated in the NorCal Intercollegiate League. Santa Clara beat Davis 23-9 (Peterson Point Scoring System) in a rolloff for the league title with a four-game total of 4,354.

CRAG PRIM

Los Altos, Calif.

Sir,

While the Worcester Tech keepers were winning a national collegiate bowling championship, the varsity tennis team at C.W. Post College on Long Island, N.Y., was out doing its thing. Tennis was one of three varsity team sports dropped at midyear because of budget cuts in the school's athletic program, but the tennis team's seven retiring lettermen and Head Coach Vincent Sarter fought the administrative edict and were successful in having their team reinstated, provided that the program would be run on a "no-cost" basis.

With Sarter receiving no remuneration and the players paying their own expenses, including meals, travel and even equipment, the Pioneer netters registered their first winning season in seven years of varsity competition, sweeping through the Metropolitan Intercollegiate Tennis Conference with a 10-0 record. Sarter wound up as the league's Coach of the Year, and No. 1 singles player Steve Epstein concluded his career by winning 29 straight matches and 31 of 32 in three years of competition.

Who says minor sports can't survive the collegiate money crunch? All it takes is a group of dedicated athletes who are out to play the game for the pleasure of playing, minus all the frills.

HERB MACHIL

Greatvale, N.Y.

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